THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1731

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MAR. 25, 1933

INDIGESTION

The bane of existence to thousands indicates, generally, an over-acid condition of the stomach. So long as that prevails, the normal digestive processes cannot proceed. It is easily corrected by a century-old preparation more widely used than ever to-day. Invaluable for acidity, heartburn, headache, indigestion, flatulence, bilious affections, and allied complaints. A pleasant, harmless fluid which stimulates natural functions, soothes the digestive tract, and gently restores a healthy condition; and is also effective in cases of Gout, Rheumatic Gout, and Gravel. It is undoubtedly the finest form in which to take magnesia, and has been recommended by the Medical Profession for over 100 years.

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FULL INSTRUCTIONS ENCLOSED

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BRITISH OWNED
1/3 and 2/6
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SCOTCH WHISKY

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Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Mandurah Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
London	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
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Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
St. Neots	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Do.	Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som.	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Do.	Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Styene Hotel

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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

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Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

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"WHEN THE CHILLY BREEZES BLOW
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the "HAWICO" Pullover for all Sports.

The special "Hawico" tailor-shaped collar really does "prevent that choking feeling" common to all ordinary roll collars.

Notice the vertical stripe effect, giving length and slim appearance.

In a special wool texture, very suitable for Spring wear, light but warm. Also in charming check and spot effects.

Made also in a new low roll collar.

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Lovely range of contrasting shades.

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HANDLEYS, SOUTHSEA, AND OTHER LEADING PROVINCIAL HOUSES.

In case of difficulty write
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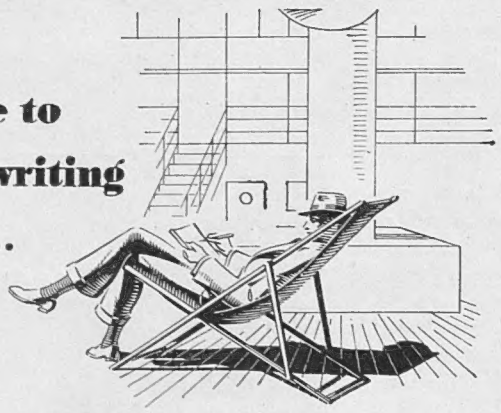
Indispensable to the Traveller's writing comfort....



No. 92V

No. 92

A delightful cruise on paper —when you write with Waterman's.

The Rev. F. W. Norwood, D.D., of the City Temple, London, writes, February 18, 1933, as follows:

"I have never had a pen in my life to equal this Waterman. I shall travel round the world with it this year."

Waterman's—the pen with the famous spoon-feed, the perfect point, the neat clip-cap. 48 years' proved service.

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No. 92—the **£1** pen—in colours and jet.
No. 92V (Ladies' model) at **£1.**
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Here is the new Traveller's Filler—the 'Linsden' . . . filled with Waterman's London made Ink. In smart utility (coloured) case, 2/6

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Display of Styles for the Spring

Elegance of line is the keynote of these reception Gowns for Home or Restaurant wear.

On the left Crêpe Ondule is employed in fashioning a delightful garment featuring the Epaulette, economical in price at **EIGHT GUINEAS.**

Lenief is responsible for the design on right, superlative in style and carried out in Violet Romaine of good quality. Ideal for formal occasions. **SIXTEEN GUINEAS.**

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The house that retains the advantage of personal direction — not part of any trust or combine.

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A BEAUTIFUL PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS, SHOWING THE EIFFEL TOWER IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE

"TRAVEL BOTH WAYS"

Paris for the English, among others: an ideal hotel in the centre of the French capital for the Easter holiday-maker

THE Government has not yet given an official lead on one of the many difficulties that have arisen since the financial crisis of last year—the question of travel abroad.

Public opinion, however, always in advance of officialdom, has found expression in various directions. The general conclusion—that it is beneficial to "travel both ways"—is but an intelligent anticipation of a more authoritative pronouncement.

It is a fact that many more French tourists have already visited Britain this year than in former winters, and a friendly Gallic invasion on a large scale this summer is anticipated by the travel agencies, and special facilities, including the waiving of passport difficulties, are being given.

If this is to be encouraged, Britain must do her share in the travel-both-ways movement. Recent improvements in trade and sterling conditions have encouraged the idea. Although to-day there is still need for judicious care, it is felt that the stringent conditions which necessitated Lord Snowden's "stay-at-home" appeal no longer apply. The Easter holidays should see a lifting of the barriers that have prevented travel abroad.

ONE can still be a patriotic Briton and spend a few days—and some healthier British pounds—in Paris. At Eastertime the French capital is beginning to look its loveliest. In the very middle of Paris lies the Hotel Continental, as comfortable an hotel as one could hope to find in Europe. The photographs on this page give some idea of its beautiful situation.

It stands at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli (the famous street of galleries made by Napoleon) and the Rue de Castiglione which leads to the majestic column of the Place Vendôme, crowned by the statue of the great Emperor.

At your feet are the Tuileries Gardens, and just beyond is the Louvre with all its stored glories. A guest at the Continental Hotel can be in the Avenue des Champs Elysées in three minutes, and there walk past the shops and restaurants in a daze of astonishment and pleasure.

The Continental is a great modern hotel, equipped with every device for comfortable living which the experienced traveller expects. Not only are British and American tourists always to be seen in vast numbers, but the French who come to Paris on business use the Continental as a "home from home."

The banqueting rooms are among the finest in Europe. Here is a wonderful setting of gilt decoration, stately fireplaces, sparkling with a thousand lights. Here, too, is the superb Stairway of the Sovereigns, so called because by means of it royalty could enter and leave by a special door, unnoticed.

It is in these rooms that the President of the French Republic is frequently entertained.

The visitor's personal tastes are comprehended, and the requirements of his meals are embellished by the views of the *sommelier* of the hotel. The cellars are famous for their variety, and a sumptuous menu gives the exacting taste the widest choice. For once there is no need to search the city for a restaurant where quality and quantity are combined, for here wants are immediately gauged and attended to.

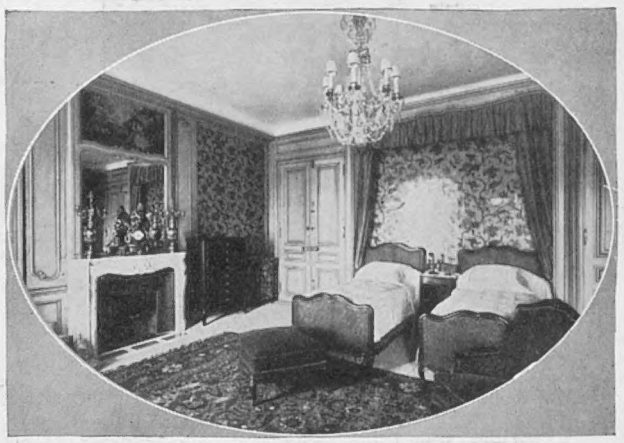
THE bedrooms and apartments upstairs have seldom been equalled in grace and comfort, and they are furnished in a wide variety of styles. Some, which date from the earlier days of the hotel, are almost show pieces, and form perfect examples of the decorator's art in illustrating a period.

Such, for example, is the Louis XIV suite, where many crowned heads have rested, and which is as fine as anything created in the days of the *Roi Soleil*.

Among the countless famous visitors to this hotel was the late Empress Eugénie, who made her home there for several years.

There are numerous English-speaking places of worship for those who would wish to visit them, and for those whose tastes lie in other directions golf courses are numerous and cheap. Chantilly, one of the best in France, is within easy distance. Theatres and cinemas are as plentiful as in London.

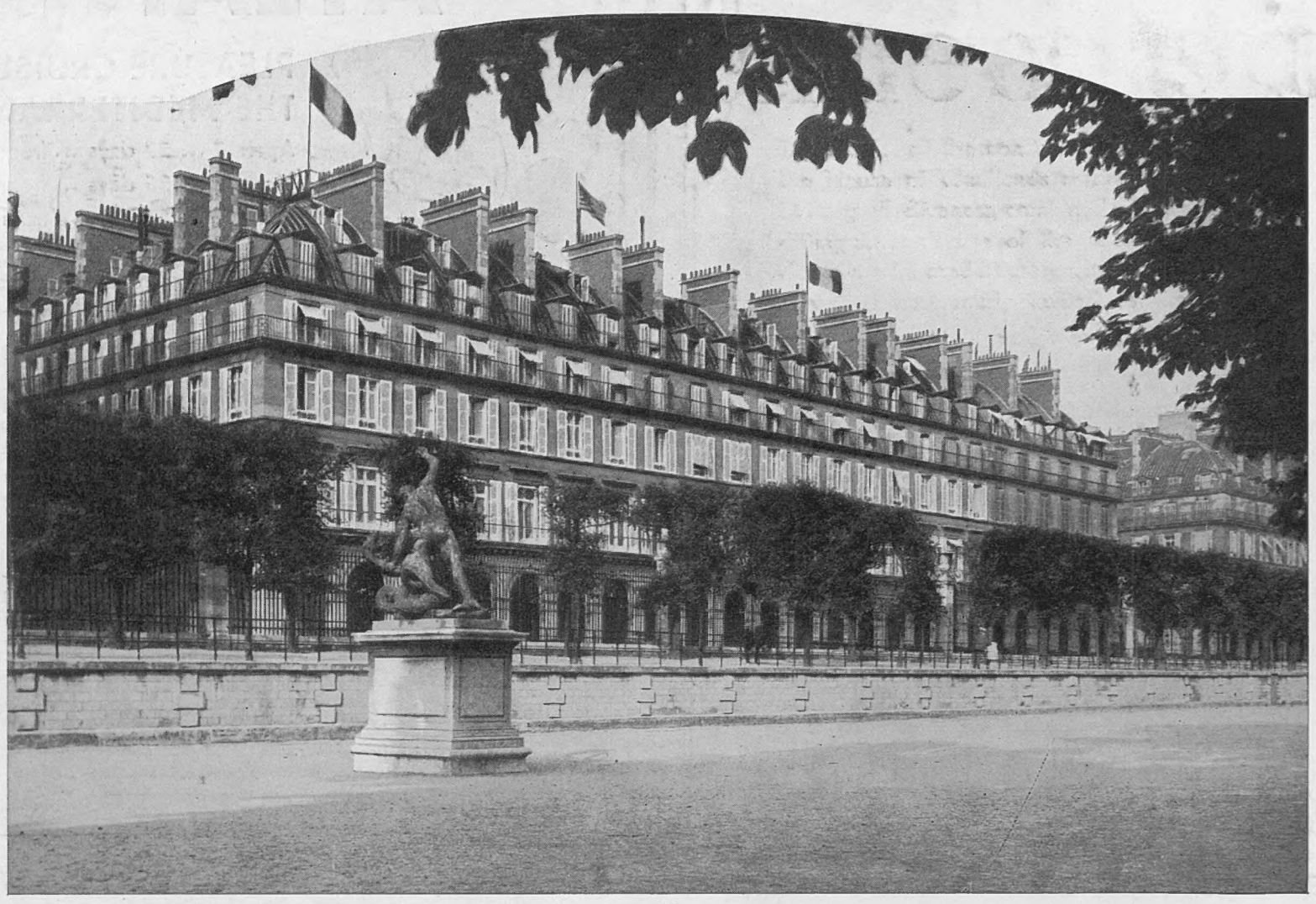
Finally, if you decide that you need a rest—and not a dull one—and Paris is the city you choose, do not ignore the advantages of making the Hotel Continental your *pied-à-terre*.



A BEDROOM AT THE CONTINENTAL

THE COURT OF HONOUR: THE COSMOPOLITAN CENTRE OF PARIS

Facing the Tuileries Gardens



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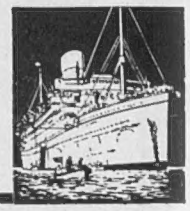

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 25, 1933

GERMANY'S RE-BIRTH IN HISTORIC POTSDAM

Royal Members of the Old Imperial Regime Mix with the Makers of a New Era at the Tomb of Frederick William

Amid scenes of grandeur, reminiscent of the Germany of the old Imperial days, half-a-million people flocked into Potsdam on Tuesday to witness the pageantry of the opening of the Reichstag at the Kroll Opera House and the ceremony at the Church of St. Nicholas. In one great hour of splendour Germany renounced her stormy Republican past, old soldiers of earlier days mixed with the Nazis and Nationalists, and, most significant of all, the aged President himself saluted, as he rose to speak, the ex-Crown Prince seated in the Imperial box. A new era was receiving its baptism, and, strange as it may seem, the descendants of Frederick William and the Emperor, whom the nation rejected fifteen years ago, mingled with and received honour from the builders of the Germany of to-day. In this picture are seen Prince Eitel Friedrich, a son of the Kaiser, and in the background his grandson Prince Wilhelm, who were prominent among the notabilities attending the ceremony. After the President's speech the proceedings closed with a moving address from Chancellor Hitler. His final words were an outstanding tribute to Hindenburg the leader, who throughout Germany's greatest period of trial has stood for security in the midst of chaos

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

THE SOLDIERS' CLASSIC: The fifteen competitors taking the first fence in the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown, won by Mr. R. B. T. Daniell's Backsight, and ridden by Mr. Payne-Gallwey. Sir Peter Grant Lawson is seen on the left about to part company with his mount

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 22, 1933.

MERCURIAL.—A boom on Wall Street! We rubbed our eyes and concluded we had been suffering from a nightmare of a fortnight's duration. It appears we have been hibernating and all those crises and catastrophes over which we have of late spilled so many gallons of ink and tears were but the unsubstantial fabric that dreams are made of. Truly these Wall Street brokers and their regular clients are a race apart. They are like the Stuarts, and the waters of Marah flow off their backs like water from a duck's. Let us hope and pray that a like exuberance will not blaze up in the newly-opened banks. We don't want boom conditions in New York. We want signs of a contrite heart and a humble spirit, and a quiet thankfulness for salvation from folly and for a new-found and strong leadership. Europe, too, is mercurial in temperament. The pricked balloon of disarmament has been patched and re-inflated, and is now wobbling in the breeze. Lars Porsena of Lossiemouth is on the march from Rome and his draft convention is on the table. The European stage is setting for a revival of *Diplomacy or the Balance of Power*, an entirely new version of a very old favourite which was playing to crowded houses a century ago. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* One should never despair so long as the wheel continues to revolve.

BRITANNIA AND THE BEAR.

—One of the most depressing features of modern relations, both international and national, is the frailty of sanctions to enforce the law and contractual obligations. At home we see it in microcosm in the flagrant setting-at-nought of the Road Transport Act. In large we have seen it only too often in the decisions of the League, while of minor international disputes the Moscow arrests afford a remarkable instance. If the Soviet Government tells us to go to the devil, how in the world can we implement the "grave warning" which we pronounced, as it seemed to me, a trifle precipitately? We are in the position of a man trying to kill an elephant with a drawing-pin for weapon. We cannot cow Russia with a "gunboat"—if the gunboat gambit were not *vieux jeu*—we cannot employ a "show of force" to prick the enormous Leviathan to a sense of its alleged enormity. As for the economic threat, Russia has cracked her sides at our commercial yea-and-nay since the days of Arcos. We can but suspend negotiations for a trade treaty which does not exist and never has existed, save as a dead-letter since the Rovolution.

THE DRAFT CONVENTION.

—If the ineffectiveness of sanctions has been the weakness of every effort to substitute arbitration for recourse to force, it seems to me that a persuasive sanction is attached to Mr. MacDonald's draft Convention—a sanction threatening not the breach of, but failure to subscribe to, the Convention. There is a hint at last that among the Powers there are two or three whose chosen representatives are determined not to go empty away. Britain and Italy are of these and, if I rightly judge, America will stand beside us. And Britain, America, and Italy would be no mean nucleus of a League of Sane Nations, if the larger comity fails once more to bring individual aspirations into line in a world settlement. This is the last chance for efforts by the methods of the League. If it fail, the older diplomacy must come back again. The implications of the Duce's Pact are still obscure. It claims neither to affect the Draft Convention nor to blow sky-high the whole theory of the League by substituting a peace imposed by the Great Powers for a peace upon which all the Powers, big and small, will never agree. Meanwhile the draft Convention is being digested by all concerned. The broad plan is the setting up of a Permanent Commission charged to see that the terms of the Convention are carried out. It will have power to send Commissions to examine into alleged breaches on the spot, and here the terms of reference are elaborate and controversial. In its life of five years—the duration of the Convention—the Commission will be responsible for the most titanic axing ever undertaken. It will be asked to devise the plan for the total abolition of aircraft for war purposes and the reduction of national air strengths. The Convention itself is designed to supersede the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty, and among the proposed maxima for engines of warfare are 4.5-inch calibre for land guns and 16 tons for tanks. Conscript training will be restricted to eight months, a period totally ineffective to produce a "regular army" standard. Such responsibilities—gigantic and indefinable by human forethought—could not be undertaken without authority, the authority of civilization. Nor could its decisions and requirements carry any weight without sanctions. The Commission must be trustees of the witnessed will-to-peace of all signatory nations, with the right to call on the resources of those signatories to enforce its judgments. In short, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that this new instrument is but the great post-War idea newly labelled, and that civilization must change its heart before it can fold its arms. But perhaps the dread of the old diplomacy, lowering in the background like a vulture waiting to descend on a corpse, may achieve a miracle of a permanent kind.

AWKWARD QUESTIONS.

—The nation, awaiting the coming Budget, and in its seasonable bout of doldrums (which will be succeeded by another wave of hope before the dread secrets are out), is still heartsore at the utter failure of the Government to compass serious economies in the face of a real expression of public opinion. Indeed, it seems incredible that, after all said and promised and threatened, we should have to face estimates exceeding those of '29, '30, '31, and '32. The truth is that even now the post-War squandermania is still a habit of mind in Whitehall. If there be any bright young M.P. who likes to ask awkward questions in Parliament, let him put this question:

> How many posts existed in the Civil Service carrying a salary of £2,000 p.a. in 1913? How many such posts exist to-day?

I think the answer would create a mild sensation. The £2,000 p.a. posts are to-day innumerable, and there are as many £3,000 p.a. posts to-day as there were £2,000 p.a. posts twenty years ago. Another stimulating exercise might be to make a list of the notorious examples of sinecure offices still existing and carrying salaries of £800 up to £2,000. Believe me, there are scores of them, and it is difficult to understand how some of them escaped the searching axes of 1832–36. In the matter of wasting public funds we are too apt to condemn the Whig and Tory aristocrats of the Reform Bill Age as selfish and cynical job-mongers and squanderers. If there is a case against them, our own recent Governments should stand beside them in the dock. It is no use "thinking only in millions"; the only sound retrenchment policy does not disdain to count the pence.

LIBERTY. — I.L.P. STYLE.—

Another glimpse of what life would be like if the Independent Labour Party ruled the country was afforded last week at Glasgow in a dispute between Mr. Kirkwood and Mr. McLure, secretary of the Glasgow I.L.P. The former was accused of neglecting his parliamentary duties in having enjoyed Lady Astor's hospitality "to meet the Prince" when he should have been in the House. Mr. Kirkwood put forward some sound points of defence, but they were all waved aside:

(1) The Commons were merely discussing the quite unimportant question of *English* housing and slum clearance.
(2) He refused an invitation to dinner.
(3) He did not adorn himself in the boiled shirt and tail coat of ceremony, as the reckless Jimmy Thomas sometimes did, to the damage of his reputation as a Socialist.

In registering my sympathy for Mr. Kirkwood in this outrageous interference in the private life of a citizen of a free country, some stimulating reflections suggest themselves. Lady Astor, imprimis. She is something of a Socialist herself, yet she seems to be fated to bring Socialists into trouble with their kind. Her splendid and catholic hospitality seduces them to their fall and sooner or later they are detected worshipping in the priestly vestments of privilege. And secondly, SNOBBERY (new style). It is my belief that hearts just as pure and fair may beat in St. James's Square as in the lowly air of Seven Dials or Sauchiehall Street. This is a form of snobbery more intense than that which shamefully distinguished the Whig aristocracy of the early nineteenth century, that poor Viscountesses and Royal personages should be ostracized socially by a section of the community so select, so vital, and so liberally minded as the I.L.P. Why this invidious distinction of class, why this setting-up of a class of untouchables, why this unchristian attitude towards the depressed class of aristocracy? Why, in a word, should not Mr. Kirkwood cheer with the light of his countenance the ruined halls and bare boards of the

nouveaux pauvres? I had imagined that the very essence of the creed of the I.L.P. was equal opportunities for every class.

AN ILLOGICAL GRIEVANCE.—In the duel between road and rail, I hold neither contestant's coat. I value and sympathise with both parties, useful citizens, who supply essential services to the State. If they would only get together with warm hearts and cool heads, indeed, they could contrive a plan whereby each could take a reasonable toll of the travel-loving public. These duels are costly affairs, and while the jarveys fight the public learns to walk or fly. The railways have taken the bold course of cutting passenger fares by 50 per cent. True, passenger revenue is but a flea-bite in the railways' budget, yet the decision shows the railways' will-to-live, and the public will watch it, and perhaps back it, sympathetically. I cannot myself conceive how any sane person, who *could* travel by train to Newcastle or north of it, can prefer to go by road through the night, and to my thinking, therefore, this decision should recapture for the railways a certain amount of lost ground. But people enjoy the strangest experiences, and the issue is no doubt very open. What is not in doubt is the laughable illogicality of the complaint by the road interests to this move in the campaign. Road transport has been lauded for its initiative, courage, vision, and energy, and the railways have been jeered at as molluscs, inert and despairing, living on the last ounce of the stored fat of a lost monopoly. Ulysses derided Polyphemus when Polyphemus groaned at the loss of his privileges. Go forth, said young Ulysses, and reach out for business as I have done. But when the flabby giant actually makes an effort, Ulysses in his turn groans. *His* fare rates are fettered, the railways are free of all control. Come, come! Nobody will dispute that poor old Polyphemus is loaded with chains.

A MERGER OF HOSPITALS.—It is unlikely that any official statement will be made for some time regarding the rumoured merger of the Westminster and St. George's Hospitals. It is a matter supremely important for Londoners, and the public deserves and will receive early information of any definite arrangement being concluded. At the moment the rumour is no more substantial than an idea which has much to commend itself in solving the urgent problems of both hospitals. Each is constantly alive to the pressing needs of economy in management in these days when the springs of charity are running dry. Each is aware that efficiency and keeping up-to-date are as vital to such great hospitals as living within their means. Each is in possession of a site of immense importance and value in the heart of London; both these famous sites would sell at a figure which would endow the hospitals handsomely, and both have become unsuitable for hospitals owing to the noise and dust of traffic. Sooner or later, each institution will be forced to find sites more remote, more airy, and less noisy; such sites are indeed now available in the rear of Thames House, Millbank; and Westminster Hospital actually has an option on one of them. St. George's is overcrowded and inexpandable at Hyde Park Corner. Westminster is inconveniently distributed in separated buildings. Amalgamation on a new site would immensely reduce overhead charges, immensely benefit the finances of the hospitals and the well-being of the patients. We shall see what we shall see.

IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY.—A passionate longing for the great ideal of personal liberty and freedom of action controlled only in the over-riding interests of the community as a whole and directed by a democratic government placed in power by the will of the people—that more or less has been the principle which has directed the political policy of civilized peoples since they became sufficiently articulate to organize against oligarchic rule. It is pathetic to-day to consider how small is the success which has attended such efforts, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that those efforts were premature and that the peoples of civilization were not yet sufficiently advanced for the experiment. Democracy has proved on the whole a disastrous failure and has brought in its train a tyranny which exceeds in ruthlessness and injustice many of the worst instances of autocracy in past times. We in England, happier than our neighbours alike in the character of our rulers and politicians and of the people themselves, have not yet grown fully aware of the weaknesses of our own experiments. Nowhere in civilization are the peoples yet sufficiently advanced to make a right use of political power. Jealousy and suspicion in the ranks disintegrate the front, and the result is faction warfare to which the interests of the country are subordinated to a far greater extent than in the worst days of Whig and Tory. For some years we have had before our eyes terrible object lessons of the infinitely worse forms of tyranny which grow out of such efforts to secure liberty prematurely. We have closely observed and shuddered at the barbarous tyranny of Bolshevik rule, and now it is our duty to watch the rule by force of yet another faction of democracy, Fascism. The days are not over when hideous crimes are committed in the name of liberty, and day after day we read of doings which outrage our national sentiment. But well we know there is no going back. Such pages may yet be written in English history if our own people forsake the ideal for personal considerations, or seek to attain it by any but constitutional means.

A STAR ACTOR.—The lucky few who saw Sir Oswald Mosley giving and taking the Fascist salute outside Broadcasting House the other night were immensely impressed. Successful leadership in such a movement as Fascism is in part a question of acting, and long since Mussolini and Hitler have been ranked among the leading actors of our day. But Sir Oswald runs them close. Indeed, he has revealed the qualities of a born actor ever since he entered political life. Years ago I remember hearing him debate with the late Duke of Northumberland. The title was "Ape or Tiger?" and Sir Oswald revealed astonishing powers as a character actor even then. Acting alone will never ensure successful leadership, but each of the trio possesses remarkable, if diverse, powers. But without dramatic ability—a sense of the theatre—no demagogue ever yet has succeeded. Sir Oswald's movement is yet in its infancy, and he has a less inflammable material on which to turn his fire than either of his rivals. But he is young and he has vital a qualification. The little piece played outside Broadcasting House last week proved it conclusively.

A BREEZE AT COURT.—Germany is not the only country to return to the methods of barbarism. The other day there was quite a breeze (blowing from the Dark Ages) in the cultivated court of the Emperor Abdul Kerim. Two young cousins and rival heirs-apparent, the Emirs Aly and Fadl, met in the Imperial antechamber and quarrelled. Insulting words resulted in blows. Then Aly lost his temper and emptied a revolver into Fadl. Fadl's best friend, roused by what seemed to him a breach of court etiquette, stuck a knife into Aly's stomach, cutting short for ever a brilliant career. It is stated that "the incident" created "quite a sensation," and that the Sultan ordered a number of arrests among Aly's relations. Fadl, the Sultan's son, still lives. Aly, the dead man, was only his nephew. And the arrested relations of Aly are just now praying for Fadl's recovery, for the penalty for compassing the death of an heir-apparent is believed to be "something lingering, with boiling oil in it," I fancy.

THE OLD STAGER.

"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN": Men of the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards give three cheers for Countess Roberts at Aldershot, when the famous Commander's daughter presented shamrock in celebration of St. Patrick's Day

NATIONAL EMBLEM TO ADORN SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE: Mr. Charles Wheeler, the distinguished sculptor, puts the finishing touches to the bronze figure of a winged Springbok which, when completed, will be erected over the entrance of the new South Africa House

IN COUNTY ARMAGH: The Lord Chief Justice of Ulster, accompanied by the High Sheriff, inspects a Guard of Honour of the Royal Ulster Rifles on the opening day of County Armagh Assizes

FAREWELL TO GREENWICH: Rear-Admiral Oliphant inspecting the boys of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, for the last time before their departure for their new quarters at Holbrook, Suffolk

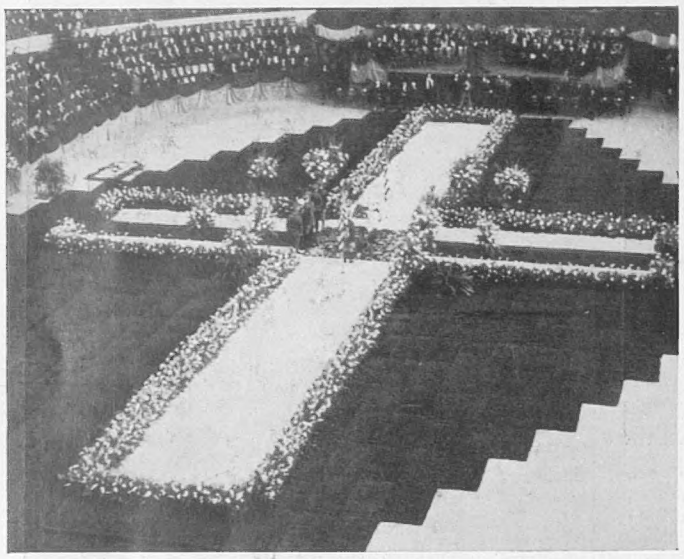
FRANCE'S FINANCE MINISTER VISITS THE TREASURY: M. Georges Bonnet (left) seen on arrival at the Treasury, London, for a conversation with Mr. Neville Chamberlain

JUDICIAL, RELIGIOUS, and POLITICAL

The Prime Minister Meets the Duce

THE PRIME MINISTER VISITS THE DUCE: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, accompanied by Signor Mussolini and General Balbo, Italy's Minister for Air, inspecting the troops at the airport, Rome, on arrival from Geneva. The Prime Minister's disarmament plan was faced by another suggested arrangement by the Duce, embracing only the Big Powers

THE PRIME MINISTER IN ROME: Mr. MacDonald and his daughter on their way to the royal palace where they had luncheon shortly after their arrival in Rome. The conversations with Signor Mussolini were in French and English



CHICAGO HONOURS MAYOR CERMAK: The casket containing the remains of Mr. Anton J. Cermak lies in state in the centre of a cross of flowers flanked by a guard of honour. Many thousands have visited the stadium to pay their last respects to Chicago's famous mayor

THE POPE INSTALS SIX NEW CARDINALS: The ceremony of bestowing the "Red Hat" upon the new cardinals was performed by the Pope in the Public Consistory, Rome, on Thursday of last week. The Pope was borne into St. Peter's on a golden throne. It was the first time he had entered the Cathedral this year

MAJOR-GENERAL W. J. DUGAN, President of the Court, in the trial of Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart

CAPTAIN L. P. CAUSTON, M.C., Assistant Provost Marshal, Aldershot Command, arrives for the trial

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. V. STEWART, of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, attends the court

MAJOR SHAPCOTT, Prosecuting Counsel in the trial, seen leaving his home at Wallington for the Duke of York's headquarters

STRICKEN CALIFORNIA

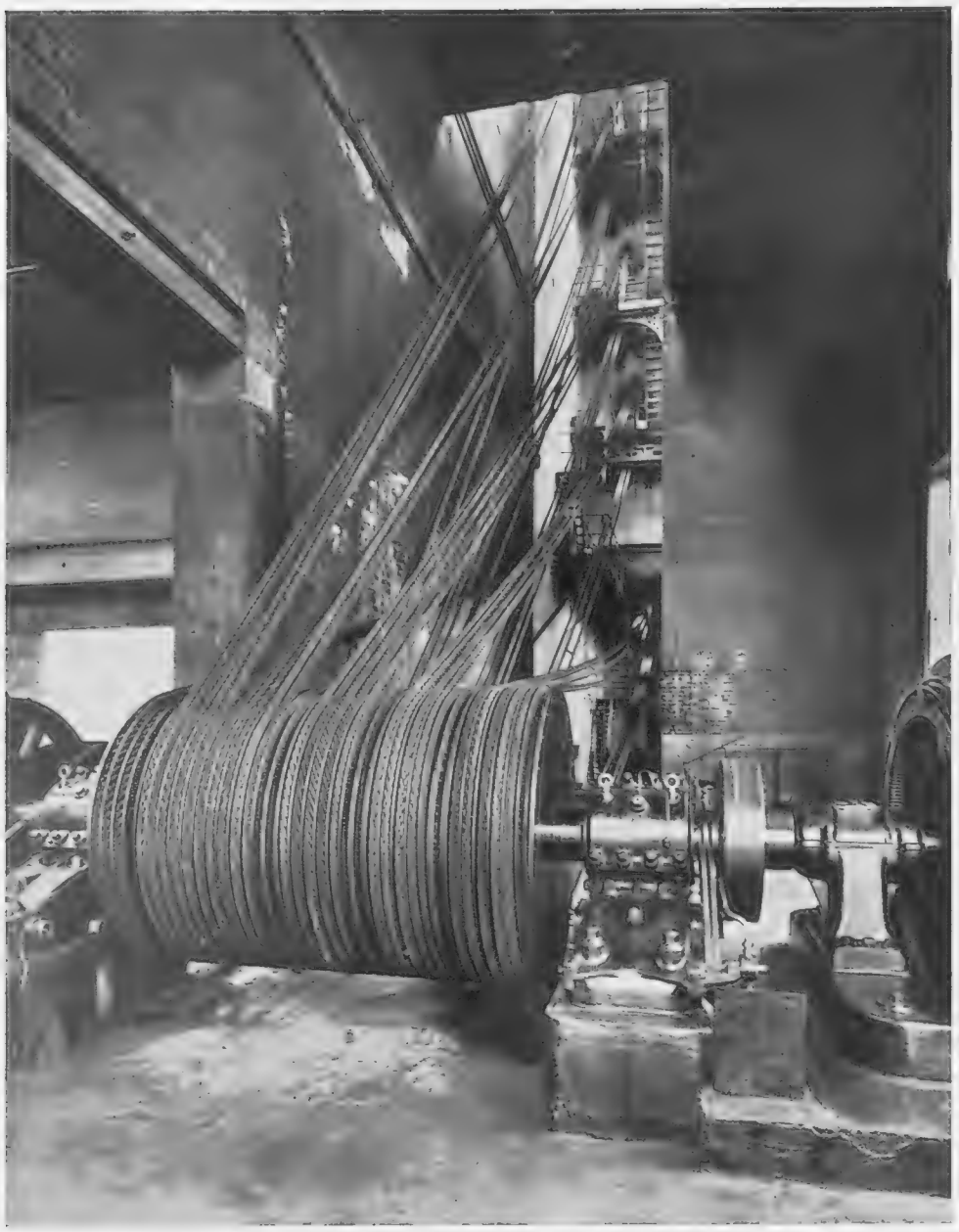
LONG BEACH PUBLIC LIBRARY IN RUINS: One of the many buildings in Long Beach severely damaged by the series of earthquakes which swept through Southern California. The earth tremors were the worst felt in the State since the gigantic upheaval at San Francisco twenty-seven years ago, when over 300,000 were rendered homeless and the city was laid in ruins

TWENTY WERE WORKING IN THIS BUILDING; ONLY TWO WERE INJURED: A view of the ruins of the Continental Baking Company in Long Beach, where employees had some remarkable escapes from death. Long Beach is a seaboard resort some twenty miles from Los Angeles, and was the most severely damaged of the fourteen towns affected

FIRE FOLLOWS THE EARTHQUAKE: An aerial view of the ruined shell of the High School in Huntington Park on the outskirts of Los Angeles. In several buildings serious fires broke out after their collapse, but fortunately the flames did not spread to the disastrous extent they did in San Francisco at the beginning of the century

A ROOF AND THREE WALLS: A market and an apartment house bared to the public view after the earthquakes which shook Long Beach. Residents fled in thousands from the town and spent the night round camp fires in the open country, while doctors, firemen, and police were hastily mobilized in a search for the injured

SUNDAY DINNER AT A TEMPORARY CANTEEN: In addition to the 130 killed and 4,000 injured in the disaster, tens of thousands were rendered homeless, and outdoor canteens had to be hastily improvised to meet their immediate needs. As the first earthquake in Long Beach occurred at 6 p.m. there was little time for the homeless population to find refuge before nightfall



Camera study by Charles R. H. Pickard, Kirkgate, Leeds

THE MACHINERY OF INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY: How to make these wheels revolve, that they may give employment to those that tend them, to those that make them, and to those that retail the products which they help to manufacture. This is the vital question for which thinking men and women are to-day searching for an answer. In their haste many are seizing upon quack remedies, temporary palliatives, which neither face the real issue nor are capable of practical application. Perhaps the solution lies in the simplest of all remedies, and the one demanding the greatest degree of courage—the remedy of confidence. Confidence in spending and confidence in the possibilities of the future

OUR OWN IS

Travelling back from Paris a few days ago I happened to find myself in the same carriage as a well-known trade union leader who, incidentally, does not believe in the impending collapse of "Capitalism," and who also prefers negotiation to strike action. Our talk passed from the temperature of French railway trains to the economic state of Europe, and, as in so many conversations these days, we arrived at the problem of unemployment. It transpired that my companion had been to an International Labour Office Conference at Geneva. He told me quite candidly that he had lost faith in such conferences years ago, but he believed that this particular meeting was of momentous importance "as it had found a cure for unemployment." I quote his words and his cure. The replacement of the forty-eight-hour working week by a forty-hour week, meaning the employment of 20 per cent. more workers in every factory, mine, or workshop.

This conversation took place on a Saturday. On the following Monday I had a visit from an economist who was convinced that the real cure for unemployment was Technocracy. He agreed with Miss Ellen Wilkinson that it was "a light in the midst of chaos." Two days later another friend, a business man from the Midlands, assured me that unemployment could be cured by applying the Douglas Scheme of Social Credit. Before the week was out my file of schemes for curing unemployment, already a very large one, had been increased by three more memoranda. For that is how things are to-day. Every week brings some new scheme for curing unemployment, and because the problem is so serious, and the need for a cure so pressing, every scheme gains its adherents.

The scheme talked over at Geneva and put to me in the Calais train seems at first sight an admirable method of putting a larger number of people to work, and it has a very large number of advocates and supporters in this and other countries. You have 1,000 men employed in a certain factory working forty-eight hours a week. Under the Forty-Hour Week Act, which would, of course, be enforced by State legislation, you shorten their working hours to forty a week, thus requiring 200 more men to do the same amount of work in that factory. This seems as simple as one of Euclid's axioms, which neither require nor are capable of proof, but it must be considered with several very important reservations. To quote from the official report of the International Labour Office, "the extent to which a reduction in unemployment can be effected by a limitation of working time depends on a large number of social and economic factors which cannot be statistically measured." The report, as such reports are prone to do, then more or less contradicts itself by declaring that "it accordingly becomes necessary in endeavouring to obtain some idea of the possible extent of re-employment to make a fundamental assumption in the treatment of the problem, the simplest and most straightforward one being that after a reduction in the working week the total number of man-hours worked would remain unaltered."

It may be quite easy in the restful atmosphere of Geneva to assume that what you want to take place will take place, and to ignore the first and vital snag in the scheme. The effect of the forty-hour week scheme on unemployment is problematical. *The fact that the scheme would mean an immediate increase of 20 per cent. in production costs is absolutely certain.*

For this reason. The trade union leaders are adamant that the same wages shall be paid for forty hours as for forty-eight hours. A reduction in working hours, yes. A proportionate reduction in wages, emphatically no. So there must be at least a 20 per cent. increase in production costs. How then are wage-earners to benefit materially from shorter hours for the same wages if the same wages will actually purchase less? They would, of course, endeavour to shop in the cheapest market, and this would immediately hit British industry and so British employment. Work, wages, and prices are intimately related. So is the rise of Japanese competition in the world's markets very closely related to our own unemployment problem. And here is a simple mathematical fact I would commend to the attention of the forty-hour week advocates. A British workman is employed for forty-eight hours a week at, say, 1s. an hour producing, say, shirts. In Japan a workman is employed for the same number of hours producing the same goods for 8d. an hour. That is approximately the difference in wage rates, and the reason why you can find unemployed Lancashire textile operatives wearing Japanese shirts. The effect of reducing the working week in each case to forty hours would be to increase the weekly labour cost in Britain from 48s. to 57s. 7d. and in Japan from 32s. to 38s. 4d. Consequently Britain, already at a disadvantage of 16s. owing to the higher wage standard, would be still further handicapped in the struggle for trade to the extent of 3s. 3d. Translated into terms of shirts for sale in the world's markets, with about 80 per cent. of the population searching for "bargains," it would mean more unemployment for Britain. The calculation can be applied to any industry dependent upon the export trade or exposed to foreign competition.

This condition would exist were the whole world to adopt a forty-hour week, but actually there is no guarantee that it would come about. On past experience the chances are that it would do nothing of the sort. A few people—probably very few—may remember that at a conference held in Washington fourteen years ago a convention was drawn up recommending an international forty-eight-hour working week. *That convention has never come into operation. It has not yet been ratified by forty-one out of the fifty-five States that send delegates to the International Labour Office.* When the forty-hour week was discussed recently there were indications of the way the wind was blowing. The United States and Russia declined to send delegates, while Japan and India did not vote on the resolution. It is being suggested that Britain should set a good example to the world by adopting the forty-hour week. The answer is that we have already suffered for years from unfair competition because of our high wages and short hours. If we set any more examples to other countries we shall lose more markets and have more unemployment.

Then there is this technocracy business, seriously regarded by some as the cure for unemployment. The word was used to describe certain research work, begun in 1920, to "collect and collate data on the physical functioning of the social mechanism on the North American Continent." Actually it is concerned to-day with unemployment caused by machine methods; it puts forward many familiar and far from new arguments; and it wants the management of world industry to be handed over to its exponents, the technocrats, who, with all due respect, are not practical industrialists. They are obsessed with the evil of machine methods—just as were the Luddites with their destroying coal-hammers and axes a hundred years ago—and as far as America is concerned they want the whole control of industry, trade, and finance to be placed in the hands of 300,000 "specialists" and their assistants. To do what? To build a world without money and without price. Here are the words of Mr. Scott, formerly a furniture-polish maker, then leader of all the technocrats at Columbia University and now no longer leader, for as far as the University is concerned, "technocracy has ceased to exist": "Individual income under technological control would consist of units commensurate with the quanta by which the rate of flow of the physical equipment is measured throughout the entire continental area." The unit income of the individual would be determined by the period necessary in that area to maintain a thermo-dynamically balanced load, that is to say, the time it takes for a complete cycle of the operating and production procedures to be completed. Any unit of value under a price

A LONDON HOSPITAL SLOGAN: "Spend for Employment and Help the Middlesex Hospital." An up-to-date call to all Londoners to help themselves and the hospital. It indicates belief in the ability of this country and the world to find a remedy for our economic ills

LAND PROBLEM

How the Futility of Quack Panaceas as a Cure for our Present-day ills show that there is no Royal Road to Economic Rehabilitation. It lies rather in an Increase in National Confidence—a State which can only be Brought about by the Wholehearted Co-operation of the Community

By J. BAKER WHITE

Remedies for Unemployment here Criticized

(i) THE REDUCTION OF WORKING HOURS:
A system by which a greater number of men would be employed, but costs increased.

(ii) THE TECHNOCRACY IDEA:
For the autocratic control of all industry, trade, and finance by 300,000 specialists.

(iii) THE DOUGLAS SOCIAL CREDIT SCHEME:
Unemployment to be solved by creating more money and the distribution of a national dividend.

(iv) GOVERNMENT WORK SCHEMES ON A HUGE SCALE:
Costly, with small results.

(v) HEAVY TAXATION AND COSTLY SOCIAL SERVICES:
The Socialist remedy.

system is a certification of debt. Any unit of measurement under technological control would be a certification of available energy converted. Such units of certification would have validity only during the balance-load period for which they were issued. Furthermore, all bonds, financial debentures, and other instrumentalities of debt would cease to exist, since they do not have one iota of usefulness in the physical operation of such an area under technological control."

All that may mean a lot to the technocrats, but it is doubtful if it is much comfort to the unemployed man in America or elsewhere. It is to be presumed, however, that in the technocratic future all debts and claims are to be wiped out; no further debts will be created, and instead of money there are to be "units of certification" with a definite time limit, becoming valueless if not spent within the limit. The obvious observations of the ordinary man are that it would be awful fun for the technocrats, and that it would be interesting to see the theory put into practice on a small scale. But the technocrats want the whole of American industry for their experiment, and at the moment American industry remains very sceptical. The most telling observation on technocracy so far was made by a practical economist who has spent a good deal of the last fifteen years analysing schemes of this nature. He said:—"Quite apart from the eternal question, 'who is to do the washing up?' there would have to be a dictator to decide whose ends were to be expended upon what production, and to suspend production altogether in some directions while making it compulsory and even penal in others—exactly as is happening in Russia to-day. And the price we are to pay for this dictatorship is the surrender of all initiative and responsibility and the destruction of all forms of title to property in the future. We shall live literally from hand to mouth. The technocrats will say to us, do this, and we shall have to do it; go there, and we shall have to go."

While the technocrats want America as their field, the Douglas Social Credit reformers—some of them turned out at the recent Labour demonstration in Hyde Park in rather decorative green uniforms—want nothing less than the world. Their scheme is very similar to that of the technocrats, in that they propose to solve unemployment by creating more money. They say that they want "to make a £100 income buy commodities priced at £250." (Again the obvious observation of the ordinary man is "So do I.") Major Douglas, the originator of the scheme, wants to distribute a dividend on the national income to all consumers, and he describes the unemployment benefit as known to-day as "a small dividend on the National Income, a forerunner of Dividends for All." He seems to ignore our export trade altogether, and apparently he advocates a form of inflation to be known as "free social credit." I have had the Douglas Scheme explained to me many times at great length both by its advocates and opponents, and I am still entirely in the dark as to how it could be applied on the world scale to meet the world's present difficulties. Even if no other snag arose Soviet Russia, one-sixth of the civilized world, would not come in! What is quite clear is that the scheme abolishes the incentive to work. At the MacMillan Inquiry on Finance and Industry a member of the committee asked Major Douglas this question: "If I am an individual not wanting to do any work, not producing anything, the remedy is to give me some money in order that I may have effective purchasing power?" Major Douglas replied: "I should not be inclined to deny that." To the following question: "Would not the industrial system cease to operate?" he replied, "I do not think so." Once again I will quote my economist friend. "One would have supposed that if our industrial system had been on a wrong basis for over 100 years, as Major Douglas argues it has, we should have had progressive unemployment and progressive depression, and not as we have had, periods of quite excellent prosperity succeeded by periods of depression."

As the world shows no signs of adopting the forty-hour week, or the Douglas Scheme, or American technocracy, the cure for unemployment must be sought for elsewhere. Some say it lies in huge national work schemes designed specially to alleviate unemployment. This has been tried on a certain scale and the figures are not very encouraging. Since 1924 we have spent something like £100,000,000 a year of the taxpayers' money on work of this kind. As a result direct and indirect work has been provided for only about 180,000 men, i.e., the cost has been about £500 a year per man. That does not seem to be economic expenditure of the taxpayers' money. An interesting comparison is provided by the unemployment relief scheme—based on a voluntary levy on citizens—started in Guildford and now operating in thirty-three towns and villages. While the Government has not been able to work a relief scheme at less than £500 a year per man it is claimed that the Guildford "work-for-wages" scheme can do the same thing for a quarter of the cost, including the provision of materials. These voluntary work schemes, only a few months old, are providing 30,270 hours of work a week in twenty-eight areas; in Guildford £10,000 has been raised, saving the Exchequer £3,000 in unemployment benefit.

The truth of the matter is that the real cure for unemployment lies in one vitally important yet simple factor. Purchasing power. It is true that this is a statement of economic health and not a cure for our present evils, but it becomes a cure when it is backed by confidence. Nine years spent in studying unemployment makes me believe that in the restoration of a spirit of confidence at home and abroad lies the cure. Many people to-day are not spending money; many have large sums lying idle in the banks. Others have put their money into Government stocks rather than into industry; safe deposits are full of hoarded wealth, and who knows how many millions there are hidden away under hearthstones and pillows? The Unclaimed Wealth Utilization Committee of Geneva has calculated that in the world there is something over 45,000,000,000 dollars of idle money, hoarded or on deposit, or enough to put 20,000,000 men to work for three years. It is only necessary to look at the balance sheets of our own banks to realize that there are ample deposits both for spending and lending, *if there was confidence*. The condition of the London money market also suggests that there is no shortage of money, *if there was confidence*.

There is, it is true, more confidence in Britain to-day, more hope for the future, than there has been since the crisis of August, 1931. There is more confidence in Britain than any other country in the world. But confidence at home is being checked all the time by taxation, which is a direct and indirect cause of unemployment. Our industries are paying higher wages for shorter hours, and are carrying a greater burden of taxation, than the industries of the countries with which we have to compete. The latest statistics of taxation show that Britain's burden per head per year is £16 8s. as against £9 8s. in France, £4 19s. in the United States, and £5 15s. in Germany.

It is often argued that heavy taxation and generous social services are the best ways of achieving the Socialist ideal of distributing the riches of the well-to-do to the poor. They may be, but they provide no solution for unemployment and only make things rather worse.

Sooner or later too our rulers must face up to the question they have managed to dodge so far, that of silver, for the raising of the purchasing power of the coloured peoples is an essential factor in curing unemployment at home. It is bound up just as closely with our most pressing domestic problem as is emigration.

The first essential to increasing purchasing power and to providing a real cure for unemployment is an increase in confidence at home. The second is an increase in world confidence, by a final settlement of the War Debts question and by an all-round lowering of currency and tariff barriers. These things are to be the business of the World Economic Conference. Little is known about it as yet save that its agenda is very long and that the restaurateurs are complaining about the Government using its own, i.e. the taxpayers' wines, at coming State banquets to the delegates. With all humility I would suggest a slogan for the Conference, to be hung in six-foot letters in its place of assembly, to be printed on all matter given to the delegates, even perhaps to be hung over their beds. It is a remark made by Mr. J. T. Walton Newbold when he was a member of the MacMillan Committee: "It is not gold that is scarce, but confidence that has fled."

SELF-HELP: Enfield unemployed attempt to solve their own problems by opening an unofficial employment exchange which registers men according to trades and attempts to find jobs for them. No fees are charged, and the men are still entitled to the benefits of the official exchange

THE DOUGLAS SOCIAL CREDIT SCHEME: The publicity headquarters of Britain's Green Shirt Brigade, the organization which advocates a system of inflation known as "Free Social Credit," and which appears to demand complete world co-operation

SOCIETY BEAUTIES IN A FASHION PREMIERE: The dress rehearsal of Selfridge's twenty-fourth birthday celebrations. *Left to right*—Mrs. Betty Colclough, Miss Hilary Charles, Miss Audrey Simpson, Miss Mona Simpson, Miss Baba Beaton, Lady Bridgett Poulett, Miss Peter Dundas, and Miss Averil Streatfeild

SOCIETY MANNEQUIN PARADE FOR CHARITY: Miss Jean Gordon, Miss Joan King, and Mrs. Jack Montgomery at a parade held in the Carlton, Belfast, in aid of the Belfast Hospital for sick children

LORD ASKWITH, the well-known Government arbitrator, has his face made up before taking part in a film giving the horoscopes of well-known personalities

TO A RED INDIAN PRINCESS: Mrs. Ottilie Wallace completing a sculptured figure of Princess Pocahontas for erection as a memorial in Heacham Church, Norfolk

HUNGARIAN MUSIC IN LONDON: Georgesco, who is proving a great draw at the Piccadilly during the little season. He is supported by an orchestra of skilled players and musicians—all Hungarian

RUMANIAN DIPLOMAT WITH HIS JAPANESE BRIDE: Mr. D. M. Nicholau, of the Rumanian Embassy staff in Tokyo, with his bride, formerly Miss Chika Ubukata, a Japanese born in Toronto

THE NEW KING'S BARGEMASTER: Mr. J. Phelps tries on his uniform

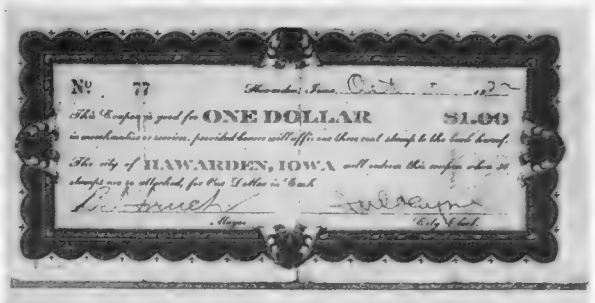
MADE GOOD IN BERLIN: Miss Ann Neaderhoed, solo dancer in Reinhardt's latest show

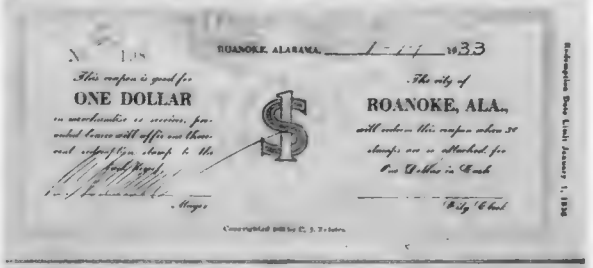
THE QUEEN OF RUMBA: Mariana, the young Cuban Rumba dancer, seen on her arrival at Victoria

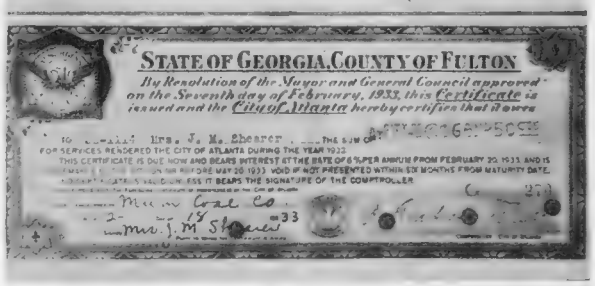
A GATHERING OF THE GIANTS: As we go to press we are still in the dark as to who will join the ranks of these famous National winners who brought such crowds to Olympia when they paraded together last year. *Left to right*—Ally Sloper (1915), Poethlyn (1919), Shaun Spadah (1921), Music Hall (1922), Master Robert (1924), Sprig (1927), Shaun Goilin (1930), Grakle (1931)

AMERICA'S BANKING COLLAPSE

NEW YORK SUSPENDS BANKING TRANSACTIONS: Governor Lehman confers with newspaper reporters after announcing the New York banking holiday. With other States following suit business in America came virtually to a standstill, thus leaving the banks time to replenish the resources which a harassed community had so severely taxed with withdrawals







EASING THE FINANCIAL SITUATION: Three pieces of scrip, or temporary currency, issued by municipalities in Iowa, Alabama, and Georgia during the past six months with a view to assisting members of the community stranded by temporary bank closures

A NEWSPAPER AIDS STUDENTS TEMPORARILY WITHOUT FUNDS: Scrip valued at 25 cents issued to students of Princeton University during the banking crisis by the *Daily Princetonian*. Currency such as this in small denominations was accepted by local business houses

SOLVING THE BANK CRISIS: Mr. Mortimer N. Buckner, who has been prominent in discussions regarding the issuance of scrip as a temporary medium of exchange

DEEP IN THOUGHT: President Roosevelt, whose powerful measures during his first days of office have gone a long way in restoring national confidence

PREPARING FOR A NATIONAL SCRIP ISSUE: A workman carries a new barrier into the New York Clearing House in preparation for dealing with crowds during the expected distribution of National Certificates in place of money. Although millions of dollars' worth of scrip was printed, President Roosevelt decided not to employ the system, the banks being reopened after the holiday for business on a restricted scale

BACK TO BARTER IN MICHIGAN'S METROPOLIS: Many stores in Detroit, unable to do a cash business as a result of the banking holiday, offered their products during the crisis in exchange for whatever the customer cared to offer (within reason). A transaction is seen in progress

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SUPERABUNDANCE

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

In a World where One Half Produces what the Other Half Cannot Afford to Buy, where there is Poverty in the Midst of Plenty, and Wholesale Destruction Appears to the Producer the Only Means of Obtaining an Economic Price for That which Remains

IN AMERICA'S CORN BELT: The strange paradox of a superabundant America and a needy Central Europe illustrated in a Western Kansas township where 100,000 bushels of wheat, piled on a vacant site in the town, await the advent of improved grain prices. Sights such as this are all too frequent in America's corn belt, where farmers are finding it increasingly difficult to make the cost of production come down even to the level of the selling price

Thirty years ago a young Englishman, bound for the Civil Service, walked up and down a French plage reading a book called *Political Economy*. Even his elders deemed it better he should be left alone; as for us, we decided that undoubtedly he was studying to be Prime Minister of England.

Well, we are all economists to-day, political and otherwise, after our different fashions and limitations. Actually, I am heartened to launch out here as the result of a day in the Rockefeller Library at the League, when I found signal inability on the part of the best economists to agree upon such a matter as the real and underlying cause of the "paradox of plenty," the raw circumstance of Brazilian steam-engines being driven on superior coffee when they are reduced to boiling awful stuff —not coffee at all—six separate times over in Central Europe, as I saw last year at Steyr in Austria.

These steam-engines are making history; the nature of their consumption is as good a fuel as Communism has had for many a long day—helps drive that engine, too. The extremist Press is seldom without reference to Brazilian coffee or some kindred resort to destruction in support of prices. In harangue, it is sure fire; and I see the screen has lately been playing its part.

We know it's all wrong. We don't even require the Oxford Union to tell us so. Yet the chief realist living, Mussolini, tried taking that very coffee in barter, and it failed. *Of course, the matter is not as simple as it sounds—transferring the (economically) superfluous to those who need the stuff.* And also, "of course," our sin is not as grievous as it appears. Distribution will one day be brought into harmony again with purchasing power (something new and different from to-day), but meanwhile we are in almost groping transition. That word "transition" was once very popular after the War. One met it on all sides. Unfortunately we envisaged the transition as a matter of perhaps a decade and so talked airily. Now we know that we are only recently entered upon the real transition. So let us keep the word before us as apt to work sustainingly amid trial. More so than Coué "rounding the Cape" stuff, with its bracketed deceptions.

Unless one is much mistaken, this transition will eventually be found tackling the application of science and machinery rather more closely than *Das Kapital* and Bolshevik theory generally, so dear to the heart of the young, who, incidentally, are singularly forgetful of the famine-like maldistribution mess the Soviet has made of things.

Did I say "machinery"? How retrograde. *Power.* One understands from transatlantic magazines that we have already entered the Power Age, that, in fact, the Machine Age is already vieux jeu. The Power Age—everything done by pressing buttons—electricity. "No longer will the physical force or manual dexterity of the Machine Age be necessary. Mental alertness, precise handling, accurate judgment—that will be the new trio as four men do the work formerly done by many hundreds."

And so, merrily, we trip to death. Or, at least, leagues ahead of our capacity to keep up. Which may be Irish. Yet means what is intended.

But before the Power Age really gets down to things, free and unfettered because it radiates progress, let us take a stroll through the superabundance of to-day, forgetting for the moment whether 'tis a case of over-production or underconsumption. Although my list of saturation cases is probably far from complete, here is an outline—

The notorious coffee is also being thrown into the sea and pulverized for the trough.

Also, back into the sea, go fish. At Concarneau and Boulogne boat-loads of sardines and herrings have been returned dead to their element, the while the cost of fish in France remains prohibitive to many. The trawlers and smacks all have internal combustion engines now in the room of their once lovely sails, and so can cram in more intensive work with resultant glutting.

Chile has been rendered bankrupt by the production of a substitute for nitrate.

American farmers are contemplating something drastic. "With agriculture in the throes of over-production due to the machine, should America continue to create new farmland from deserts and swamps, or should we reverse the process and make farms into pastures and plant forests to forestall the threatened timber shortage?"

Standing cotton is ploughed into the earth in the United States.

Wheat is burnt in Canada and elsewhere.

In Portugal, wine is poured into the gutter, and there are indications that French wine-growers may soon have recourse to the same price-sustaining method, though it would probably have to be done in the night to avoid riots. The wine glut in France is formidable, and it is infantile to expect a non-Prohibitionist America to do more than ease things by a sip. Except for champagne-drinking Americans, and some claret fans, wine is not the beverage of the North American continent. The coming of Algeria, with its excellent *vin de table*, has fairly hit the wine-growers of the Midi, which produces 51 per cent. of the total home output. This output is currently being stored away in large concrete tanks. (Stored away for what, for whom? The sun will shine each year.) Alas! it is a very sad story about wine: the price you have to pay for it, and it all running to over-age.

Luscious Spanish fruit rots at frontier stations owing to quota embargoes.

Cereals are freely used as fuel throughout South America.

In Denmark, 25,000 head of cattle were recently destroyed and cremated in the "destructor" which usually only functions for condemned animals. The residues were transformed into grease, gum, leather. The peasants were duly paid, by their association, as had the beasts been sold in the ordinary way.

In Holland, much the same thing, but over pigs. The Dutch have reduced their agricultural production by 50 per cent., but markets having been closed all round (Germany, ourselves, notably) it became necessary recently not to allow 100,000 pigs to grow up. So they were destroyed in the sucking-pig stage. A suggestion that they be distributed to the unemployed was not possible of following because the cost of preparing them would have been too great.

There are military patrols on the oilfields in the U.S.A. to see that unauthorized drawing is not resorted to.

Rubber oozes from the trees in the Straits and on other plantations, but the natives are not allowed to touch it.

The same with sugar-cane in Cuba. There is a five-year restrictive sugar plan, also similar arrangements between cartels in relation to copper, tin, zinc, and aluminium. But in the Dutch East Indies quinine is kept down to 600 tons a year, whereas the world could do with 1,400 tons apparently.

The Japanese soldiery in Jehol are wearing silk undies. Yet that is a mere flea-bite when we consider the over-production from the cocoon now that artificial silk has conquered. The Tokyo Government has spent £7,000,000 in two years trying to keep up the price of this capital export, but to small purpose. Recently it was announced that silk worth 50,000,000 yen was to be destroyed.

Maritime circles on the Continent seriously advance the necessity for a "Washington Conference" aimed at the wholesale destruction of mercantile shipping termed "obsolete," though it continues to sail the seas in safety. It is even suggested that there should be regular destruction periods every ten years.

Can this point to a method of the future? Regular periods of destruction in this and that line, commodity? Certainly none would be keener than motor car manufacturers, who don't find roadside cemeteries half, nor a quarter, nor a hundredth part as full as they would like. A proposal in America and in France is that cars should be sold for destruction and replacement in such-and-such a given year.

In Hungary the pulling down of factories constructed at Pest since the War is being seriously debated. This is part of the gratuitous industrialization carried out by agricultural countries and it has aided in impoverishing factory Vienna and so preventing the Viennese from buying from neighbouring States.

As I am no economist, fortunately for readers, there is no space left me to argue with the experts, although I do feel that a little plain, low-down intuition may be worth stacks of specialization these virginal times. The experts say over-production is a technical impossibility. Other experts, that it is all a matter of purchasing power. Left wing experts hold that the existing maldistribution mess is caused by "acquisitive economy as distinct from functional economy concerned with supplying human wants." I also note that depressions come every decade. I quote Sir Josiah Stamp's reminders of past pessimism:

"There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."—WILLIAM PITT.

"I believe everything is tending to a convulsion."—LORD GREY (1819).

"Thank day I am spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering around us."—WELLINGTON ('51).

"In industry, commerce, and agriculture there is no hope."—DISRAELI ('49).

"Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck."—LORD SHAFTESBURY ('48).

Very good, very good, Sir Josiah, but anyone who says that this world stoppage crisis isn't poles apart from any that ever went before is hardly worth talking to. They said that, too, in the past? Perhaps so, but we *know* that this crisis *is* mightier.

I readily vote for Joseph Caillaux as the most courageous public man, on this issue, making himself heard in Europe to-day. Far from the advent of scientific dictators with expanding mines in test tubes, science has got to be controlled when it evolves "more and better fertilizers." Engineers have got to be held rigidly in check when they dive regardless into the Power Age. *That continued scientific application and invention can be a far greater curse than boon, if permitted to go unrelated to contemporary life, has got to be sooner or later accepted and acted on, if heresy it still sounds to-day.* Some day may bring a blessed distribution system on bountiful earth; but while we are working towards that time, while we are in surgical transition, science and invention—and capitalization—must be braked from enthusiastically putting things further out of joint and so rendering the problem parallelly worse as we seek to cope with it. With the vision of bats in the midnight sun, not to mention the belfry, we allow every patent, work-obliterator, market-lowerer. It isn't a question of holding up Progress (youth forbid), but temporarily of not letting this go wildly ahead of the painful process of general transition we are experiencing.

AMERICA'S SOUTHERN STATES AFFLICTED BY VAST COTTON OVER-PRODUCTION: Cotton bales awaiting transportation to the mills on a plantation in Georgia. With Japan's increased production and virtual capture of so many Far Eastern cotton markets, America is needing an ever decreasing quantity of raw material, and in several instances her growers, unable to obtain a remunerative price, have been compelled for the sake of economy to plough the growing cotton into the ground

BRITAIN ASSISTS KENYA IN FIGHTING THE LOCUST PERIL: Hordes of locusts which from time to time destroy the crops of Kenya's farm lands have frequently brought ruin to farmers in the colony. With a view to combating the menace, four crates of live locusts have just arrived at the Imperial Institute of Entomology, South Kensington, where scientists are subjecting them to special tests. It is hoped, if the tests prove successful, that swarms of these insects will be exterminated, before damage is done, by the discharge of poison gas from aeroplanes. A girl scientist is seen in this picture inspecting the locust tanks at South Kensington

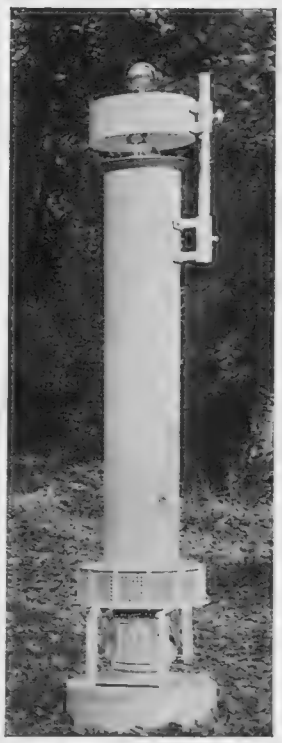
WOMEN FIGHT ORCHARD PESTS IN KENT: Apple trees in an orchard near Dartford being sprayed with caustic soda and sulphate of copper. This method is effective in preserving the trees from insect pests which do so much damage to the autumn yield in the initial stages of growth

DEFYING THE MUSK RAT: Herr Adam Roith, the Bavarian expert on the musk rat menace, is at present giving demonstrations in Scotland of his methods of dealing with the vermin. The entrance to the rats' lair is hidden in the bank of the stream

WAR UPON PESTS

Effective Electrical Insect Traps

DESTROYER OF CROPS: The innocent-looking locust which, travelling in hordes, destroys every bit of vegetable life with which it comes in contact. This example was one of many recently brought over to London for use in experimental work



A MOSQUITO TRAP: An effective method of capturing the dreaded scourge of hot climates

THE "GAY" TRAP: Another model now being used extensively in the capture of mosquitoes

LURED BY A RAY: An ultra violet ray mosquito trap for indoor or garden use

Perhaps the most outstanding menace to life in tropical climates and one of the greatest hindrances to commercial development is the mosquito, an insect pest which appears to be no respecter of persons and the virus of which, once received, seldom leaves the victim. One of the most effective devices for combating these insects, the invention of Mlle G. Gourdon of Montmorency, is the electrical insect trap, three examples of which are shown above. The traps contain a lamp emitting ultra violet rays which attracts the mosquitoes. They are then drawn down to a receptacle below by a powerful current of air

NO LONGER VISITED BY THE DEPUTY COMMISSIONER: The villager awaits in vain the regular visits of the Collector or the Deputy Commissioner of the old regime into whose ear he could pour all his troubles

CHANGED RAILWAY TRAVEL IN INDIA: Railway travel has its own particular difficulties under the existing measure of Indianization. Monkeys there always were; necessary second-class travel has brought peculiar troubles

IN THE SUNSHINE OF DRAVIDIAN CONTENT: In the remote country districts, far from the towns, one may still meet scenes typical of the old India where the sleepy-eyed oxen grind the sesame seed as of old

HAYMAKING IN INDIA: The secret influences of Congress spread out from the towns and reach the nearer countryside, while outwardly the farming pursuits continue. Here a gigantic hayrick is being built up by an elevator worked by an ox-driven winch

INDIA SIX WEEKS AGO

Changed Life in the Great Peninsula. By One who has just Returned to Western Skies

"I am a fugitive from"—a prematurely early extinction from "Alkali Kirpan or Brahmin brick." Six weeks ago I consigned my solar topee—the outward and visible emblem of an inward and ever growing invisible authority—to the fishes which fatten in Bombay harbours, and severed a connection of over twenty years with the erstwhile "brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem."

I am not attempting to solve the vexed question of the best Constitution for India, nor to point the easiest path to the Utopia of self-determination, as my firm and unchanging belief in the best policy is summed up with a few such tags as "Let sleeping dogs lie," "You can't change a leopard's spots," etc., etc. But if India for the Indians it must be—after twenty-five years' sojournings from Landi Khana to Tuticorin—let me touch lightly on a very few of the myriad subtle changes which have passed over the unfortunate face of this alluring country—till now basking in the blessed apathetic sunshine of Dravidian content — since England committed herself to the "finest self-denying ordinance" she has ever implemented, and indulged in an orgy of idealism at the expense of three hundred trusting millions who need her.

Not so many years ago the villages of rural India were backwaters of peaceful content marred by no ripple from the storm of neighbouring cities. Backwaters, wherein the faithful Indian Government servant (military, police, and civil) enjoyed the declining years of his well-merited pension.

Nowadays, in most rural localities, merely to discuss the "good old days of plenty" beneath a beneficent all-British Raj, over the nightly "hookah" in the village "chabutra"—club—is as dangerous to life and property as to claim close relationship to His Holiness the Pope in Soviet Russia.

The Tcheka spins no greater web of espionage than the dark cluster of village Congress spies. Yet it was these very elders who sacrificed their limbs and blood in support of the British Empire in her hour of need, and are now to be handed over to what Winston Churchill so aptly terms "an oligarchy of lawyers, politicians, fanatics, and greedy merchants, for the ultimate dismemberment of their country."

I have wandered much of late in the villages—for love of the people, the cultivators, still fortunately 99·8 of the population. On all hands the ryot—the agricultural labourer—awaits vainly the old time regular visit of "His Father and Mother"—the Collector or Deputy Commissioner of the District—into whose ears he was wont to pour all his woes.

Indianization tolls the knell of all such hopes. The Indian Civil Servant—protector of the poor—the shadow of a beneficent British Government upon Aryan earth—has ever preferred a soft-cushioned office stool to the doubtful comfort of touring his district seated on an elephant howdah, or behind the hump of some evil-smelling Asiatic dromedary.

By our gradual concession of power to the city-bred intellectual we are losing the confidence of the martial classes. The Sikhs and Muhammadans were our staunchest friends—the Punjab is now an angry hive of anti-Government agitation.

Nowadays non-cooperation soon dulls the keenness of even the white official newly East. He has no longer any mission, he is unwanted and usurping the place of some Aryan patriot. Small wonder that he ceases to identify himself with the people and shakes the pagoda tree to his maximum advantage in the minimum time ere an Indian cataclysm may strip him of his meagre pension.

I recently participated in the gigantic Sinhast festival, on the banks of the sacred Godaveri, wherein representatives of the entire religious æsthetic societies of all India congregate from the four corners of the dark continent. From the sacred way that encircles Llasa, to where the surf of far distant Ceylon breaks upon the steps of holy Rameswaram, they came by elephant, camel, and yak to testify to the omnipotence of "Rama." I circulated freely amongst these ash-smeared fanatics, and discussed current politics alike with Mahaut and Pandiya — Bairagi — Nirmohi—Digambar—no matter what his denomination or degree of insanitation. They, alike, deplored the lack of interest taken in the masses by their "white masters." "Twenty years ago," they said, "British officials headed the processions and mingled freely with the holiday-infected crowd."

British authority this day was upheld by one district magistrate entrenched behind a "phalanx of police bayonets." I cannot admit to a fraternization with the entire 2,000,000, but those through whom I thrust my willing way were, without doubt, pleased to see me.

No wonder the countryman—fed on Congress stories—thinks that we have abdicated.

The onrush of democracy and the inevitable spread of Western efficiency, which can no longer be denied a country struggling for self-determination, panting for self-expression (280,000,000 ryots have never even heard the words) have liberated the cinema. Censorship is so lax that in every city or town of any denomination large audiences of highly inflammable material can nightly witness their "White Masters" make holy and unholy love, embezzle, rape, murder, and generally misbehave—with the inevitable background of demi-nude white women, dope, night clubs, and gangsters. Unused to Western morals and conventions, can they be blamed for drawing the natural conclusion that every cantonment is a modern Babylon and every memsahib a potential Messalina? Evelyn Waugh writes with prophetic genius, "But for all that, if we lose the Indian Empire, the fault will be neither in New Delhi, nor in Whitehall, but in Los Angeles."

Democracy, according to Western standards, will never be tolerated by the true Oriental. The white man is still judged by his pay and position, the deference shown him by his white co-workers, quite irrespective of the quality of his thoughts or treatment of his subordinates. It is illogical to believe that a great casteless brotherhood can be evolved without a period of utter chaos, any more than that all social barriers of class, position, and breeding can be destroyed in a Westernized nation without a complete social revolution.

The evil effects of democratic teaching are never more apparent than in the nightmare of Indian travel. The recent cut in all official salaries in many cases necessitated the "white master" travelling second class.

This translation to an inferior class and loss of income from their "white brothers" was bitterly resented by the Nabobs of the Railway Board, who immediately reduced the number of 2nd class carriages to a minimum and correspondingly increased the number of first. Purses proved a stronger argument than comfort or the possible loss of prestige, and black and white alike fought for accommodation in the veritable second class "black holes of Calcutta."

IN SOVIETIZED MONGOLIA

A FINANCE MINISTER of Mongolia's National Autonomous Republic. The office is an important one as the Altai region particularly is a considerable mining centre and carries on an export trade in silver, copper, and lead

MONGOLIANS TAKE PART IN OCTOBER CELEBRATIONS AT URGA: A symbol of Moscow's Sovietizing influence upon Outer Mongolia, where at Urga, sacred city of the Mongols and place of many shrines, Russian officials have been spreading still further East their domination of the Asian world. Although not under direct Soviet rule, key positions are occupied by Soviet experts, and the younger generation has been much influenced by Russian propaganda

A LAMAIST PRIEST IN FULL DRESS: Although religion in Outer Mongolia does not now flourish to the extent that once it did, the Lamaist priests, in spite of Soviet influence, still have a large following in the country

A SOVIET STORE IN URGA: The capital of Outer Mongolia has throughout its history been a centre of trade routes in Eastern Asia; so this large department store in Urga built by the Soviet is not really as out of place in its sacred surroundings as might at first appear. Since November 5, 1921, when relations were first established, Russia has conducted an extensive trading business with Outer Mongolia, and several commercial agreements have been signed

OJRAT IRREGULARS IN THE MONGOLIAN HIGHLANDS: The type of armed force that was largely responsible for the declaration of an Autonomous Republic in the Soviet Altai region. They are mounted on the typical Mongolian ponies

THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST PARLIAMENT: An open-air meeting of the rulers of the Mongolian Republic in the Soviet Altai region: In the foreground are three Lama priests who, while engaged in politics, still keep their praying bells close at hand. Although the Russian population exceeds the Mongolian by over fifteen to one, the Mongols are still nominal governors of their territory. The ministry includes several members of the priesthood

MONGOLIA on the EDGE

In the Land of Genghis

PILGRIMS FROM INNER MONGOLIA: A Mongol woman and her child making a pilgrimage to Wutai-shan, North China. The city is celebrated throughout Mongolia for its Buddhist temples and monasteries and the sanctity of its site

CAMEL TRANSPORT IN A LAND OF CLIMATIC EXTREMES: Inner Mongolia, able for the many trade routes crossing the country from end to end, symbol background of this picture is typical of the country south

THE TENT DWELLERS OF THE MONGOLIAN PLAINS: A typical scene on the influence of China and the Soviet, a Buddhist country, the people of which are of the conquerors. While Russia has done much to modernize the North (Outer interference. It is thought that Inner Mongolia may one day throw in her lot ravages of the

Above—
A MONGOLIAN OF TO-DAY: An inhabitant of Inner Mongolia poses outside his tent. The people of the country, although somewhat indifferent to personal comfort, build the most substantial tents, their only protection against the sand-storms of summer and the fierce snow-hurricanes of winter

Left—
INNER AND OUTER MONGOLIA: Map showing the two important divisions of Mongolia in relation to Eastern and Central Asia

Any writer dealing with social and political conditions in Mongolia to which the eyes of students of Far Eastern conditions have been turned during recent times, must always bear in mind that the country is divided into two distinctly different parts—Outer and Inner. To understand fully the situation one must go back to the events of the first two decades of the twentieth century, when the dissolution of the Chinese Empire, the Great War, and the Russian Revolution wrought such havoc in the world and had such an outstanding effect even upon this deserted corner of our planet.

The first to appear on the scene in Mongolia were the Chinese who, in 1919, profiting by the opportunity of the Russian Civil War, sent a military expedition to the country in order to subjugate it and make it an integral part of the Chinese Republic.

The Chinese succeeded in occupying the most important centres in Inner as well as in Outer Mongolia. But their success was short-lived. In 1920 the "White" Russian general, Baron Unhern-Sternberg, "the Mad Baron," as his adherents nicknamed him, who escaped to Mongolia after the defeat of Admiral Kolchak and made himself a virtual dictator of the country, organized Mongolians and Siberian Cossacks into a tolerably efficient army, and dealt a crushing blow to the Chinese invaders, who departed in utter disorder out of both Mongolias.

In 1921 "the Mad Baron," however, himself suffered defeat from the Red Army sent to Mongolia by the Soviet Government, and the country was occupied by the "Reds." The occupation lasted till 1923, when the Soviets, realizing the futility of establishing full-fledged Communism in this primitive land, recalled their troops and allowed a national Mongolian Republic to be formed by members of the Young Mongolian Party which the Soviets themselves had called into being.

There are now no soldiers of the Red Army on the territory of the Mongolian Republic. Nevertheless, the Soviet influence there is overwhelming.

The Young Mongolian Party, reared by the Soviets, is bent on the

OF WORLD POLITICS

Khan To-day

the desert land of summer sand-storms and winter hurricanes, is remark- of the nomadic tendencies of the Mongolian race. The placid lake in the of the Gobi Desert and north of the Great Wall

desolate plains of Inner Mongolia, still, in spite of the proselytizing mostly nomads, and who have developed but little since the early days Mongolia), the people of the South have made strenuous efforts to resist with Japan, and thus preserve her old customs and privileges from the Iconoclastic Soviet

modernization not only of the economic conditions of the country, but also on educating the Mongolian people along modern, perhaps ultra modern, lines.

The Young Mongolians, though copying Soviet methods of government and administration, are pursuing a nationalist policy. They are imbued with an ardent desire to gain complete national independence and restore the old glory, if not power, of the Mongolian nation.

If Outer Mongolia is speedily developing along the lines of modern, though somewhat perverted and crudely understood nationalism, Inner Mongolia preserves the old characteristics of a feudal community.

But the Pan-Mongolian propaganda directed from Urga and financed by the Soviets is spreading rapidly amongst the lower classes of the population. The results of this, if successful, may be the amalgamation of both Mongolias into a homogeneous State. In this case the Soviet influence will spread over the whole country.

On the other hand, it can be reasonably anticipated that the upper classes, in order to escape the fate of their brethren in Outer Mongolia, may come to an understanding with the Japanese and place themselves under the protection of the banner of the Rising Sun. They will preserve thus their old prerogatives and privileges in exchange for the loss of the national and economic independence of their country.

Some of the members of the Young Mongolian Party believe the clash of Soviet, Japanese, and Chinese interests may produce favourable conditions for the establishment of an independent and united Mongolian State, free from any outside influence. These hopes, however, have no chance of practical realization. The two Mongolias —Inner and Outer—are placed between the Soviet anvil and the Japanese hammer. In fact the old country of Genghis Khan once again emerges out of her long obscurity, and again enters the sphere of world politics.

Dr. A. V. Baikaloff

IN A LAMAIST TEMPLE: Women worshippers in the ornate head-dresses and gaily-coloured dresses typical of the Mongolian peasant. The people are fond of making religious pilgrimages and in summer thousands visit the city of Urga, the country's sacred place of worship, near the plains of Gobi. Others venture farther afield to the shrines of North China

A MONGOL WOMAN IN HER NATIONAL DRESS: Although severely simple in their style of living, the women of Mongolia delight in wearing the national costume of their country, one of the few remaining survivals of Mongolia's days of splendour, when the conqueror Genghis Khan was undisputed ruler of Central Asia

EARLY ASSYRIAN ART IN NEW YORK: An alabaster relief from the Palace of Ashur-nasir-apal II (885-860 B.C.) depicting a winged being pollinating the sacred tree and a royal attendant carrying the King's Arms. The gift of Mr. John Rockefeller, junr., to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

FROM THE PALACE OF ASHUR-NASIR-APAL II, AT KALIHUR: A rare Assyrian carving of an eagle-headed winged being pollinating the date palm. Many of these sculptures were formerly on the Guest estate, Dorsetshire

HEAD OF A ROYAL ATTENDANT: An early relief from the Palace of King Sargon II (722–705 B.C.) found at Khorsabad. It is now being exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum with a collection of other Assyrian antiquities

ONCE IN THE PALACE OF SENNACHERIB: Alabaster relief from the Palace of the King of Assyria at Nineveh (705–680 B.C.). The relief represents armed warriors fording a stream in mountainous country

A MEDIAN BRINGS A TRIBUTE OF HORSES TO HIS KING: A striking relief from the Palace of Sargon II at Khorsabad (722–705 B.C.). The sculptures shown on this page are attracting large numbers of visitors to the Fifth Avenue Hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. According to Mr. Herbert E. Winlock, director of the museum, they form a new chapter in the museum's art history, and fill a gap which had previously been neglected out of all proportion to its outstanding importance. Mr. Winlock will be remembered as the leader of several important Egyptian excavation expeditions

ASSYRIAN ART

Rare Sculptures from Dorset Now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York

During the past twenty years many priceless treasures have crossed the Atlantic to the museums of the United States, and although we may regret their passing there is a measure of consolation in the fact that they are appreciated in and necessary to their new home.

The British Museum in London has a worthy rival in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the fact that many treasures of Assyrian art have recently found their way to this American home of culture must be regarded as cause for gratification rather than dismay.

The Assyrian sculptures illustrated on this page have recently been installed in the Fifth Avenue Hall of the museum, Mr. J. Rockefeller, junr., and the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the noted financier, being among the principal donors. The sculptures given by Mr. Rockefeller were among the first discovered in Assyria in modern times, and were mainly the result of the excavations at Nimrud and Kuyunjik, conducted by Sir Henry Layard in the first half of the nineteenth century.

It was his work that resurrected Assyrian art from comparative oblivion, and added so largely to the seemingly limitless wealth of the British Museum.

Sir Henry was related by marriage to Sir John Guest, an ironmaster of considerable wealth, and it was undoubtedly the Guest fortune which aided in the Layard excavations. As a result a colossal winged bull, a winged lion, and a number of imposing slabs of sculpture from the Palace of Ashur-nasir-apal II at Nimrud found their way to Sir John Guest's estate at Wimborne, Dorsetshire.

Now, in the Metropolitan Museum, they are shown with fragments of other reliefs from the same palace together with the sword of Adad-nirari I, and a very rare Sumerian vase presented by the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, which form the creditable nucleus of a Mesopotamian collection which the museum hopes will have a distinguished future.

These sculptural decorations are arousing keen interest among students of art in New York, their virility and highly developed decorative quality testifying to the magnificence of a period noted for the conquests of its overlords and the majestic nobility of its architecture.

A visitor to the museum in New York may now trace back, branch by branch, the family tree of world art, these latest additions to the collection accounting for a period which had been neglected far out of proportion to its importance in the world's history.

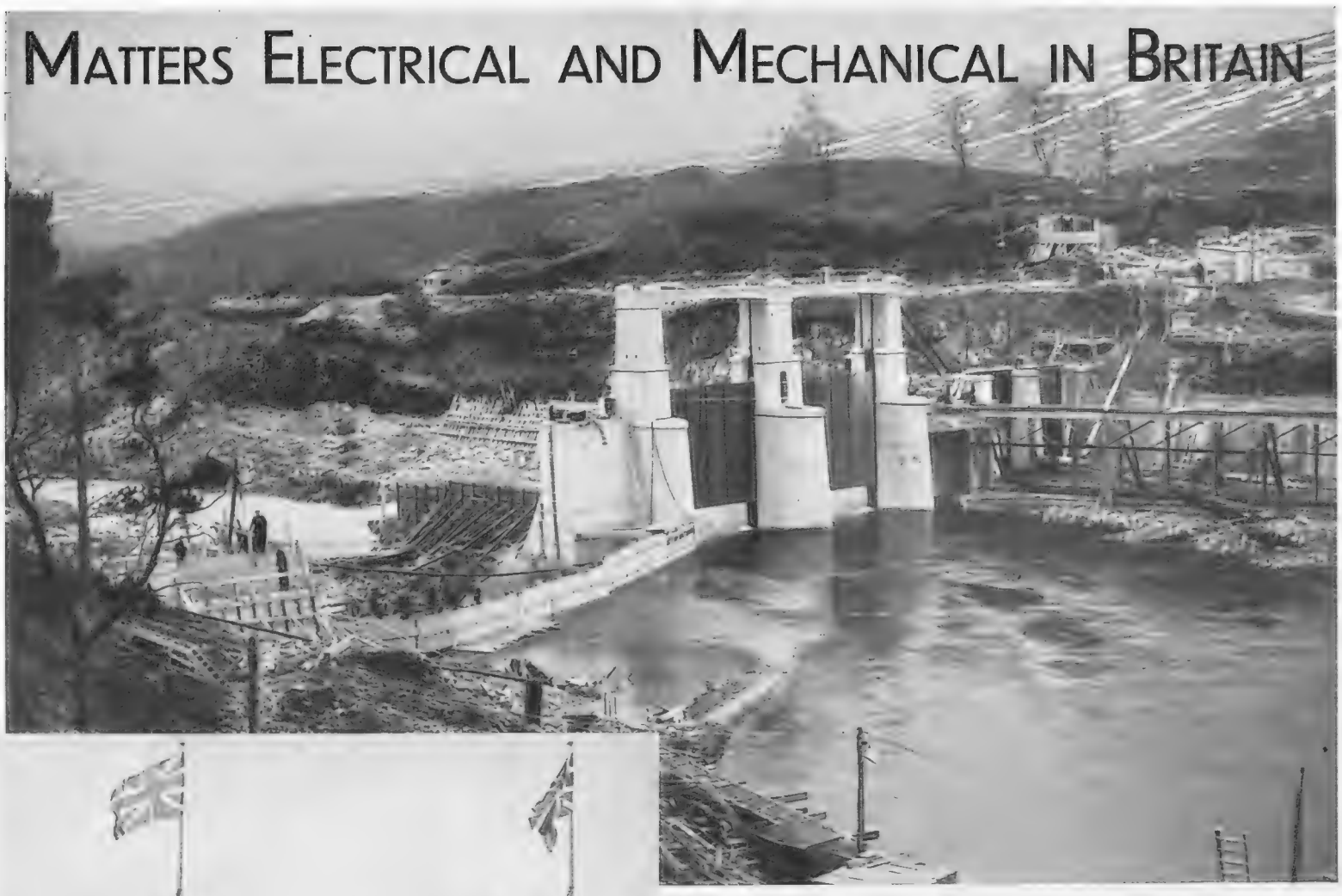
When Ashur-nasir-apal II came to the throne Assyria's first glorious conquests had been a memory of more than two centuries, and it was with an insatiable determination to excel all who had gone before him that he set about the building of a palace worthy both of his own exalted opinion of himself and of the traditions of the Assyria before his day.

The King's immediate predecessors had had their capitals at Nineveh and Ashur, but he himself decided to restore the ancient City of Nimrud which had been founded some four centuries previously.

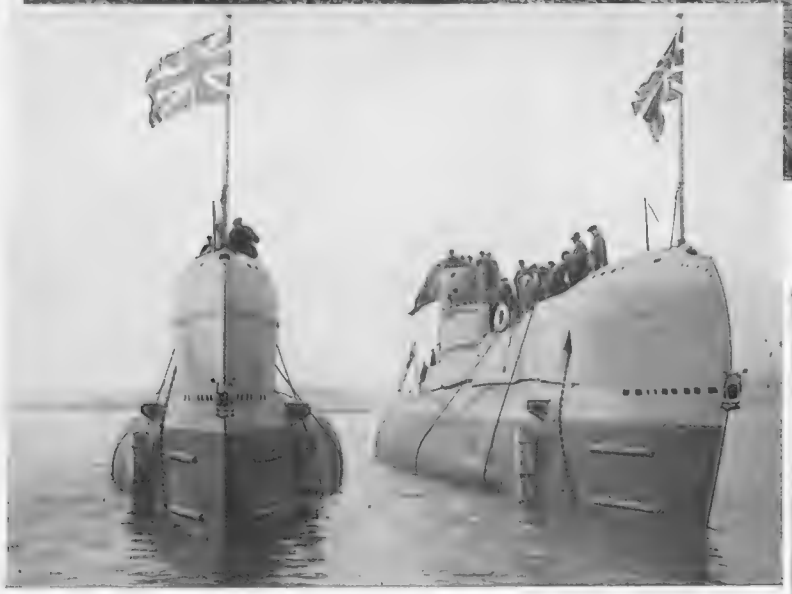
Each slab of the alabaster decorations adorning his palace walls endlessly repeated fulsome and boastful panegyrics in his honour and a description of the labours of his people in the rebuilding of the city. The motives of all these reliefs in fact tell, as never before, of the might and power of the sovereign. It was an art which, if somewhat naïve, was at any rate vital, and one which in its portrayal of contemporary life has given the historian of to-day facts which would otherwise have been outside his grasp.

The strange representations of winged lions and bulls form, perhaps, the most interesting part of the collection in that they typify the all-conquering power of the throne. It was the sculptor's method of glorifying his master. These for the most part decorated the gateways of the city, and were calculated to ward off both terrestrial spirits and the evil gods of the unseen, while endless friezes of lesser gods formed dadoes round the walls of the palace. Such demi-gods are often seen pollinating the date palm, which does not bear fruit without artificial fertilization, and which constituted one of the chief sources of food in Mesopotamia. To describe in detail the extent of historical knowledge to be gleaned from these sculptures would entail a life work. They provide a key to a period which, in its very splendour, forms one of the most enthralling stories in the history of the world. New York, indeed, owes a debt of gratitude to the benefactors who have made the Metropolitan Museum of Art the permanent home of these sculptures.

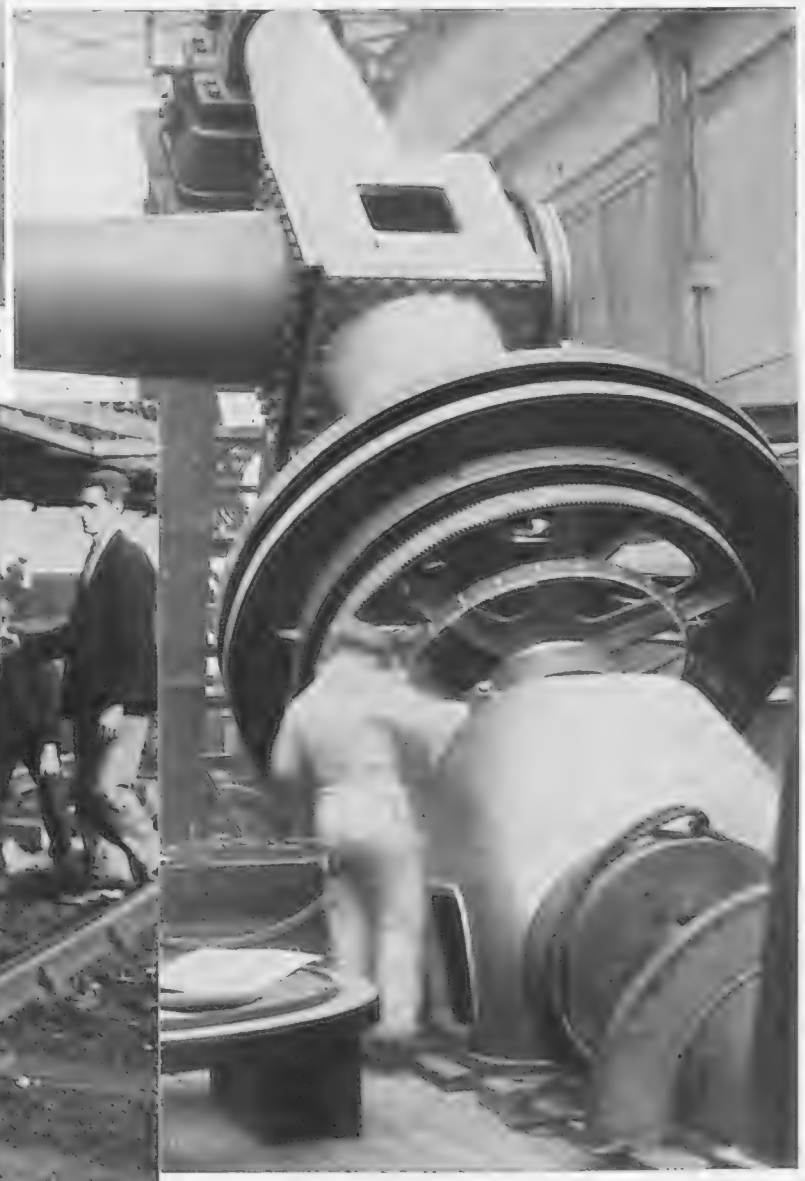
MATTERS ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL IN BRITAIN



DAMMING THE RIVER TUMMEL: Part of the extensive hydro-electric scheme in Perthshire now under construction for the Grampian Electricity Supply Co., Ltd., showing how the river is being harnessed for power purposes



BRITAIN INCREASES HER SUBMARINE STRENGTH: Two views of H.M. submarine *Starfish* which was launched at Chatham Dockyard on Tuesday of last week. The naming ceremony was performed by the Mayoress of Gillingham



THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST TELESCOPE FOR TORONTO UNIVERSITY: Work is now nearing completion on this huge telescope at Sir Howard Grubb Parsons' works at Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The telescope, which is to be presented to Toronto by Mrs. Dunlop as a memorial to her husband, has been two years in the making

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND: A circular saw attached to a new track-laying train operating between Welbury and Pickton on the Northallerton-Eaglescliffe branch line of the L.N.E.R. The difference in size between the old 9 ft. and the new 8 ft. 6 in. sleepers necessitates the sawing of 3 in. off the end of each sleeper, thus allowing the track-laying machine to operate with both sizes. The train speeds up the work of renovating the old line very considerably

GOERING: BERLIN'S MAN of the HOUR

The Dominating Personality who, as Minister of the Interior and Controller of the Prussian Police, is Setting about the Restoration of Order in a Germany Harassed by Economic Depression

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

A POWER IN THE NEW GERMANY: Captain Hermann Goering, Prussian Minister of the Interior and Reichs Commissioner for Air in Chancellor Hitler's Cabinet, talks to Lady Drummond-Hay

"Ich habe schwarz, weiss, rot gesagt, und dabei bleibt es. Wenn dass ihnen nicht passt dann koennen sie den Buckel herunter rutschen!"

(*"I said black, white, red, and that's that! If it doesn't suit them, they can slide down my back!"*)

It sounded like the angry roar of a young lion. The door opened, a rather handsome "Nazi" in the familiar uniform of an officer of the Hitler "Storm Troops" fairly hurled himself into the sanctuary-like room in which I was waiting, thundering the last words to the invisible source of annoyance outside. I started up from my chair. Before me stood Captain Hermann Goering, War Ace, successor to Baron Manfred von Richthofen in command of the Red Knight's famous "Flying Circus" on the Western Front, now the Nemesis of Communists, Socialists and Jews in Germany, and the most striking and dramatic personality in the new "Third Reich" of Adolf Hitler. Goering, the dread Prussian Minister of Interior, head of a veritable army of police, uniformed and secret, is the most feared man in Germany to-day. In his influence on internal affairs in Germany, he is to Hitler what the famous Minister of Police, Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was to Napoleon.

Captain Goering's angry frown relaxed to a pleasant smile of greeting; he sat down at his desk in his study in his private home on Kaiserdamm Avenue, motioning me to one of the high-backed red-plush chairs beside him.

In response to the request of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, the eighty-five-year-old President, and the pressure of the allied Steel Helmet veterans of the War, Hitler, Goering, and their associates had finally consented that for one day, the Day of Mourning for the Fallen in the War, the old Imperial black-white-red flag, for which they had died, should fly in solitary glory from every public building in Germany, and not be compelled to share that honour with the Nazi "Hakenkreuz," or Swastika flag, which the Nazis are determined shall become the national colours.

What I heard was the last echo of some Nazis protesting the hauling down of their flag even for one day. The thundering voice in the next room had settled that opposition.

"The mission that has been given me is to wipe out Communism in Germany, and I can assure you that I will do it thoroughly," declared Captain Goering, bringing his heavy fist down on his desk with a resounding thump to emphasize his words. "I will exterminate this pest, root and branch, ruthlessly. I will make of our Fatherland again a Germany for German-thinking Germans."

It sounded as if he were continuing his fiery conversation of which I had caught the last words. Goering glared. I waited a few seconds before asking, "But what about your relations with Russia?"

"Our campaign to eradicate Communism in Germany has nothing to do with our relations with Russia. I am firmly convinced that they will remain as cordial as they have been in the past. It is none of our business what is going on in Russia. It is none of Russia's business what goes on in Germany."

"What are you going to do with the Communists?" I queried.

The Minister-Commissioner, for he holds four portfolios in the Government, wheeled round in his chair, thrust out his arm, punctuating his reply with movements of his clenched fist. "As far as the Communist Deputies and leaders now in jail are concerned, they will be too busy henceforth to bother about politics. They will have too much WORK to do. We intend to put them to WORK, so that they will know what WORK means. We will take all the politics out of them."

President of the Reichstag; Member of the National Cabinet; Prussian Minister of Interior, and as such, head of the entire Prussian Police Force; Reichs Commissioner of Air, which is equivalent to Air Minister, Captain Goering is the busiest man in Germany. His dynamic energy seems equal to his fourfold job. He is the most outstanding member of Hitler's Cabinet. A dual personality, of whom the outside world knows but one aspect only, There was Goering the War Ace, successor to Baron von Richthofen; there is Goering the ruthless enemy of Bolshevism and Marxism, the fervent Nazi, relentless in victory, whose disturbing activities have been flagging the front pages of world newspapers lately; and there is Goering the artist and sentimentalist, who loves Art, and keeps a shrine-room in his house to the memory of his dead wife. But nobody seems to know the Man Goering. If they did, I believe that he would surprise both his supporters and his enemies.

The room in which we were sitting reminded me of his curious study in his former less-pretentious house, where I had also called upon him, only this one was much larger. At least 30 ft. long and 20 ft. wide, an exquisite Persian carpet almost covered the floor. Golden brown hangings draped the walls, except for the coloured glass windows and a colossal canvas pictorial map of Germany. Entering the door, I had faced Goering's large desk at the farther end of the room, slightly reminiscent to me of Mussolini; the high-backed, red plush chair, behind which was suspended an ancient Teutonic sword "das Reichs Schwert," immense wax candles on the desk, three framed photographs of his wife—all were the same as in his former house.

A massive wrought-iron candelabrum 10 ft. long, carrying forty thick wax candles from which the ceiling was already smoked. In addition to these candles a number stood about the room, some of them more than 4 ft. tall, others 3 in. in diameter. Two smaller black wax candles in black pottery Swastika holders stood by the photographs of Goering's wife and Hitler respectively. Over Hitler's photograph hung a painting of Napoleon in his youth. I noticed that both Hitler and Napoleon had their hair done in exactly the same manner. Paintings of Frederick the Great and Bismarck were "guarded" by massive wax candles; a bust of Mussolini made up the quartette of the modern world's Four Horsemen of Force, Might, and Power. An unflattering modernistic portrait of Goering himself stood on the floor waiting to be hung. It gave him a green face and made him look like Kemal Pasha *in extremis*. The heavy hangings, thick carpet, stained windows, legion of wax candles, old Italian chairs, gave the room a peculiar church-like atmosphere. I could not understand how it was that Goering in Nazi uniform, long knife in his belt and riding boots, fitted so well into the picture. Yet he did. The room was an expression of himself, just as he was obviously a product of the symbols in the room. Goering told me that he can only find inspiration by working under soft candle light, or the glow of an old-fashioned oil lamp.

"What is your special hobby?" I asked him, looking around me. "Hobby!" he cried. "I have no time for hobbies. My Ministries take up every minute of my time. I sleep only six hours at the very most. Work in the Ministry of the Interior rarely ever permits me or my officials to leave the office before midnight."

I asked him which of his several Ministries he found the most interesting. "The Prussian Ministry of Interior is the most interesting," he declared. "As a matter of fact it is the largest and most important Ministry in the Reich, since it concerns 42,000,000 people."

"As Prussian Minister of Interior, you are also head of the Prussian Police. Why do you allow bands of young men in Nazi uniforms to molest certain sections of the population, to picket department stores, tear down the old flag, bait the Jews, and all those acts which the world outside of Germany criticizes and condemns as an abuse of power?"

I rather expected a sharp, curt answer. But drawing his chair a little closer, Captain Goering addressed me in careful, deliberate tones, so that I should not lose a word of what he was about to say.

"First you must understand that what has taken place here in Germany during the past weeks represents a veritable national revolution. The people who have been suppressed and repressed for years are naturally inclined to break out a little at first. I am all against violence and disorder. I mean to uphold law and order at all costs. Only to-day I have dismissed and punished fifteen Storm Troopers who tried to take the law into their own hands. Any man in our Nazi ranks who disobeys orders is immediately expelled. In the future, I do not think that you will hear much about disorders in Germany. If you realize that you have been living through a revolution all these last weeks, you will have to admit that it has been accomplished with remarkably little bloodshed and opposition."

Fingering the dagger paper-knife on the desk, he continued: "It is true that department stores have been attacked. I am decidedly opposed to violence against them. I do not see, however, why persons about to enter the store should not be cautioned against buying in Jewish department stores, and encouraged to shop in the small retail shops instead, owned by national thinking Germans. That does not restrict the freedom of anybody. The reactions of the man and woman in the street are entirely their own business.

"Is it not time, and natural too, that Germans should say 'Buy German,' and 'Don't buy Jewish'?" He went on: "I will ruthlessly use the police to suppress violence, but it cannot be expected that the police should become Jewish department stores 'guard.'"

(Continued on p. 420)

IN MEMORIAM: The stained glass window in the shrine room of Captain Goering's home on the Kaiserdamm, Berlin, placed there in memory of his dead wife Karin, a Swedish Baroness. The face of the central figure is that of his wife

A WORLD SURVEY

GERMANY RE-ADOPTS HER OLD WAR FLAG OF IMPERIAL DAYS: President Hindenburg has decreed that in future the German military standard shall be the black, white and red tricolour of the Empire, superimposed in the centre with the Iron Cross. Members of the National Bismarck Youth Union are seen running with the flag in order to hoist it above Berlin's Town Hall. *Top right*—The National Socialist flag adorns the balcony above the entrance of the Town Hall

THE KING OF ITALY IN ALEXANDRIA: King Victor Emmanuel, who has been making an extended tour of Egypt, attends a drill display in the Municipal Stadium, Alexandria, organized by the pupils of the Italian School

CHEERING THE NAZI FLAG: A view of the huge crowd on Unter den Linden, which assembled to salute the hoisting of the Swastika flag over the Ministry of Interior, Berlin

MODERN MEDICAL PRACTICE IN JEHOL: Dr. H. S. Lu, the only European-trained medical practitioner in Peipiao, Jehol, stands at the door of the local hospital with his wife and three of his ten children. The doctor wears European dress, but his wife and the two little girls and the boy are dressed in the old Manchu style. Of the many features of Western civilization which the East appreciates, modern medical science is perhaps the most outstanding. Peipiao, where this group was taken, is the most important railway junction town in the province of Jehol. It is also one of the chief mining centres

PRINCE AND FOREIGN LEGIONARY: Prince Aage, cousin of the King of Denmark, seen in Paris, where he is finishing his military training. He is shown here in the uniform of the Foreign Legion, in which he has recently completed a period of service. The Prince is now lecturing in Paris on his experiences with France's famous North African Force

LIFE ON THE OCE

Seeing the World Under the

LENDING A HAND: This young lady, evidently up with the dawn, assists a deck hand on the *Almanzora* in his morning duties. One of the most outstanding features of cruising is the comfortable clothing affected by passengers; every woman at the same time desires to be chic for all occasions

GOING ASHORE: Passengers on the Royal Mail Liner, *Atlantis*, g
many interesting excursions which add so much to the variety
ports of call where things of historic interest as well

ON THE *ALCANTARA*: No cruise is complete without a visit to the engine-room, where the chief engineer is always ready to show passengers the wonders of his domain

BOXING BOUTS ON THE *BERENGARIA*: When away from the land every day is crowded with some fresh entertainment; on boxing afternoons an excellent programme is always provided

SUN BATHING ON THE HIGH SEAS

How that bronzed effect, so hard
these Northern climes, comes easily
during the "siesta," when the liner
the coast of Africa

E OCEAN WAVE

rld Under the British Flag

Mail Liner, *Atlantis*, going ashore to see the sights, one of the so much to the variety of a cruising holiday. Every liner chooses istoric interest as well as scenic beauties may be enjoyed

TENNIS BENEATH THE ROCK: Time never hangs heavy on a cruise; there is always deck tennis, the most exciting and health-giving sport on shipboard. The rules are simple and the exercise is strenuous. Frequent tournaments are held throughout the cruise

nzed effect, so hard to achieve in n climes, comes easily and naturally iesta," when the liner cruises round the coast of Africa

ENJOYING A LAZY INTERVAL

IN THE BATHING POOL: If you feel the heat when cruising there is always the bathing pool on the open deck, a Mecca for passengers when the ship has passed the "Bay"

DINNER ASHORE: Passengers going ashore in evening dress to dine or to dance at some more or less famous place of entertainment in a seaboard city

TESTING THE TYRES OF A RECORD BREAKER: The heat generated by the exceptional speed at which Sir Malcolm Campbell's *Blue Bird* travels is naturally an important consideration in the manufacture of the tyres used on his record-breaking runs. As a test after completion each tyre is made to revolve on a giant fly-wheel at a speed of over 300 m.p.h., and the heat which it attains is then checked

IN A STRAN

A Visit to the Amazing Factory of Fort Dunlop, where a Famous Firm Manufactures Everything from Golf Balls to the Tyres of the Fastest Racing Cars

By CHARLES GRAVES

Every golfer who has ever driven a ball over 230 yards can pat himself on the back—and even the pat will make him reflect when he realizes how strong he is. I have just spent a day on the outskirts of Birmingham where, among other things, I watched the mechanical golf ball driver test the various kinds on a large football field attached to Fort Dunlop. It was a thing I had always wanted to do. But the curious statistic which emerged when I asked how hard one strikes a golf ball off the tee surpassed all expectations. *The force is no less than 2 tons to the square inch.* What is more, the ball travels at the rate of 225 m.p.h. for the first few feet. On the other hand, Sir Malcolm Campbell in *Blue Bird* covers 220 yards, which is the flight of the drive, in 1½ secs., compared with the 5 secs. that the golf ball takes.

Oh yes, I had a grand time. The aluminium driver is wound up by a wheel until it has made a complete arc and rests just in front of the ball. Then the mechanic pushes a button. The fearsome weapon whizzes round and clouts the ball straight as a die, with exactly the same flight as a drive by Henry Cotton, on whose trajectory the machine was modelled. Six different balls are driven under six different wind conditions before the test is complete and the standard is reached, where there is not more than a couple of yards difference in the flight. Later, I watched pretty girls making golf balls right from the rubber teat which forms the core of the ball, and other pretty girls making tennis balls.

Nowadays an entirely new process is being used. The girl takes a triangular piece of rubber, puts it in a vice, drops in a pink pellet and a drop of water, pulls a handle which ties up the ends, and there is the core of the 1933 tennis ball, clover-leaf in shape. The pink pellet (of sodium nitrate and ammonia chloride) dissolves in the water and creates an expanding gas of exactly the right pressure. That it must be exactly right is proved by the fact that the Lawn Tennis Association of Great Britain insist that a tennis ball when dropped from a height of 100 in. must bounce not less than 53 in. and not more than 58 in.

When the cover has been put on the ball is then thrown into what looks like a rabbit hutch, and a mechanically driven tennis racket slams it down, causing it to bounce on the floor, then against a wall, and thence into a pigeon-hole through which it drops on to the racket and continues on its career. Statisticians say that four minutes of this treatment is equivalent to a complete set of tennis, and, as the ball has three hours of it, this is equivalent to forty-five sets! Another point they have discovered is that, while the racket still touches the ball for 4½ in. in a service before the ball flies off, a golf ball only travels for 1½ in. before it has outpaced the golf club.

During the day I was shown every kind of test—those of the motor car tyres being perhaps the most interesting of all. Thus I was driven by a one-legged test driver at 25 m.p.h. over the slipperiest road surface possible on which a man sprayed water. It was a terrible sensation as we spun round at right angles, though the driver was sad that he had not made a complete revolution. This test, of course, was for the tread of the tyres, and every possible kind of rival tyre as well as the firm's own experimental new models are tested. Just beside this slippery surface was another testing ground for treads. It was a piece of concrete roadway slanting up at the side until it reached an angle of 1 in 3. Naturally the motor car is not driven at speed over this, but the test of the grip of the treads is none the less cruel.

MODERN METHODS ON THE FARM: It is a far cry from the antiquated form of farm cart to this efficient modern vehicle with ball-bearing wheels and Dunlop tyres. In many districts farmers are making increasing use of this efficient mode of transport, realizing perhaps the great saving of time which can be effected in wet weather when low-lying ground is frequently under water

GOLF BALL DRIVING MACHINE: When this mechanical golfer drives the ball its flight is observed and its behaviour at varying speeds noted. The markings on the ball are then closely examined for any defects which may have become apparent in the casing

Sheer brutality is the slogan for all the tests at Fort Dunlop. On the skiddy section a number of corks are placed at intervals to see how far off its straight line the car swings after a skid. As for the indoor testing house, it is pure cave-man stuff that they apply to the unoffending tyres. On the left of the long, glass-roofed structure is a morgue of victims of the tests—tyres that have been deliberately punctured, ripped, burst, and otherwise maltreated until they collapsed. A continuous roar fills the ears. About forty tyres are being brutalized to make an Easter holiday.

In a circular space a tyred wheel attached to a movable arm worked by an electric engine rushes round at 25 m.p.h. In its track are placed jagged road metal, pavé worse than anything you will find in the main street of a small French village (caniveau and all), small triangles of lead, and also a number of rubber sections placed there for a test as road surfacing. More than three million revolutions have passed over these sections, and they are still good for millions more.

Turning from this, we see another arena where the tyres, doubly over-loaded, are being tortured over 5,000 concentrated miles of ragged kerbstone, and with insufficient air pumped into them. The object is to separate the tread from the casing, if it is possible. The surface is meant to parallel and even outdo the worst conditions overseas. Every now and then rough road metal is put down and not removed until it has been blunted by the tyre, when it is replaced with more and sharper stones. Around the arena is a tall wire net to prevent the stones flying out, while the inside of the tyres reaches a temperature of no less than 70 deg. centigrade, and there is a warning device to sound the alarm when the agonized tyre finally gives up the ghost, for it is made to go on until it does. You feel quite giddy as you watch.

A few yards farther on you come to a grim kind of guillotine. A tyre is placed on an anvil beneath it, and then a blunt tool weighing three-quarters of a hundredweight is dropped on to it continuously and forcibly until it is bound to burst. This is to test the resistance of the cover when striking rocks. When the tyre finally bursts it does so with a report heard in the canteen 300 yards away. Once a man was killed, and on another occasion the guard-rails were raised 3 ft. by the explosion and then thrown across the floor. This guillotine also tests the walls of the motor car tyre by a device which parallels the squeezing of a tyre against a kerb or rock until the rim cuts into it and bursts

GE RUBBER KINGDOM

Elsewhere you see motor tyres revolving at 20 m.p.h. day and night for days against steel discs with inch-high slats attached to them to see whether the cover can be jarred apart from the tread. These machines used to be employed only for racing car tyres. It shows how the tyre has improved that it is used for ordinary touring car tyres to-day.

A BUSY SCENE AT FORT DUNLOP: Operators filling the moulds used in the manufacture of "Dunlopillow" seating with *latex*, the natural milk of the rubber tree. After passing through various processes which aerate the raw material, it sets in the form of sponge rubber devoid of the coarse, non-porous outer skin

There was a gleam in the eye of the man who showed me round the Test House when he said that he managed to get about four "failures" a day. The head of the department must have a malevolent delight in bursting things. Certainly no other job in the world could give him greater scope, difficult though it is. After a visit to the Test House you can visualize him smoking a large pipe and ruminating thus: "What about a hundredweight of 10-in. nails sharpened like razors pressing on a deflated tyre for ten hours a day for ten years?" And then you can imagine Smith, his assistant, saying, "O.K., chief, let's make the nails red-hot or it will be mere child's play."

Under his guidance even the humble bicycle tyres are subjected to tortures equally reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition. They are raced round at 50 miles an hour for the equivalent of thousands of miles, partially deflated and pressed against a steel disc which revolves in the opposite direction. Sometimes water is put inside them for the fun of seeing how much the fabric will rot.

Outside in a special shed is the machine with which they test the tyres of *Blue Bird*. It is more gigantic and fearsome than anything else you have seen. It is so powerful that they have already tested tyres on it up to 300 m.p.h. Not being a mechanic, I cannot describe its mechanism, but it takes up an enormous amount of room and is full of levers, bands, and wheels. Later on I saw the four tyres used by Sir Malcolm Campbell in the north run of his last record-breaking achievement at Daytona, and was able to see exactly the rips and tears caused by the shells on these tyres. The man in charge of them told me that the tyres had a particularly strong carcase (the technical word) and a disc wheel of the lorry type. They have no tread at all. There is a special squad of people in the Quality Experimental Department who are always used for these record-breaking tyres. One of the girls, whose name is "Lizzie," has been doing it for eight years. By a coincidence, the same night I dined with Sir Malcolm Campbell, who told me that the commercial benefit of his performance at Daytona comes from increased orders for tyres from primarily the big lorry-making firms.

MOULDING TENNIS BALLS: This operation shapes the rubber to the correct dimensions and moulds the sections of the ball together. At the same time chemicals placed inside the spheres generate the gas which inflates them to the correct pressure upon the application of heat. The process is particularly delicate as tennis balls used in match play have to undergo the most stringent tests, both for size and bounce, before being considered suitable for use

Full of this still undigested information I sat down to lunch with Mr. Albert Healey and Mr. Cyril O'Connor. Mr. Healey, who is only thirty-eight, is works director at Fort Dunlop, and Mr. O'Connor has so peculiar a job that it is worth recording. It is his business to put pneumatic tyres on to every possible kind of thing with wheels. That is his sole object in life. He told me that the old-fashioned farm cart which has been in existence in exactly the same model for a thousand years is now going into limbo. Wheels that are only 3 ft. high are being attached to farm carts, and these wheels are having pneumatic tyres put on them. There are now 700 equipped in this manner, and a horse can draw 75 per cent. more load than it could before. Incidentally, he told me that there are 300 patents on rubber shoes for horses. Milk, if he has his way, will soon be delivered in almost complete silence. They are even making rubber bottoms to the milk churns and the crates in which the milk is put at your door. Rubber wheels have been fixed on hand-biers and will soon be put on horse-drawn hearses. Every kind of dray, he hopes, will soon be equipped with rubber wheels. There is even a possibility of rubber wheels for ploughs and other harvesting machinery. The equipping of agricultural tractors with rubber tyres enables a farmer to do light ploughing, haulage work, and trips along the road on the same wheels instead of having to change them.

Mr. Healey spoke of hard rubber tennis courts, and the rubber-tyred wheelbarrows which are used at Sandy Lodge and prevent any marking of the greens. He said that soon he hoped that sheet rubber would be sold like cloth so that householders could do anything from making aprons of it to kneeling on it. He said that he has two or three experts whose time is being largely taken up by endeavouring to remove the smell from rubber. Apparently it is impossible to cancel it entirely, but there is every chance that a more attractive odour can be substituted. Though the British public knows little about it, rubber pellets are sold in America as chewing gum; certain bankers in Lombard Street are prepared to pay the extra cost if they can have an india-rubber road put down in front of their offices; a new bridge over Budapest is going to be rubber paved; and possibly even rubber coffins may become popular.

"Of course, what we would really like," he said, "would be to have rubber surfaces on all the main roads in this country. It has been suggested that the Government should purchase large stocks of rubber while it is still cheap and hold it for this use in the future. That would be the best possible thing for the rubber industry. Meantime, we have just offered a prize for the best suggestion for some new use to which rubber could be adapted. There are already no fewer than 415. Of these only six are any good commercially, the best of them being to adapt rubber for ships' floors.

"Incidentally, it may amuse you to know that india-rubber is not made from rubber at all. It is made from an imitation called 'factice,' which is a kind of vulcanized oil. The largest tyre we make is as much as 15 in. across and is used for the latest and largest British Army vehicles. Rubber can really be used for almost anything. We have equipped the largest cow-shed in Europe with rubber blocks. It is on a farm in Shropshire, and the farmer assures us that he is actually getting a bigger yield of milk from the cows. He presumes this is due to the fact that the rubber gives immunity from rheumatism and it is not so cold as concrete."

NUMBERING GOLF BALLS: Painting the name and numerals on golf balls at the Dunlop works. Each box of balls has a different identification number which is indented on the casings and blocked in by hand

But from all I gathered that day, the most interesting development in the rubber industry, apart from the new cellular rubber process, seems to be the method whereby the raw milk from the rubber trees is not allowed to coagulate and become hard. Instead of this it is sent over in drums and arrives over here in liquid form. The advantage of this is that it is more resilient and has more "nerve." As a result, it is possible to make so fine a thread of rubber that it can be covered with textile material and knitted into garments.

In America an almost completely new industry has sprung up as a result of this increased application of colloidal chemistry.

There is no doubt about it, this new process is revolutionizing the world's comfort. There is only one suggestion that I can offer for the further use of rubber. This is that there should be a rubber currency — to be immediately and easily inflated when necessary.

A GREAT LONDON GAIN

The Courtauld Institute of Art in Portman Square

LIBRARY AT THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE: A section of the growing collection of books on art at Portman Square, where students are now able to carry on the most detailed research into the history of their subject. The Institute is the first of its kind in London devoted entirely to research. Another asset for students is a fine collection of reproductions which, through the generosity of such patrons as Lord Conway, has in a very short time undergone a remarkable expansion

THE LECTURE HALL: Some of the most perfect work of the Adam brothers is to be seen on the ceilings and walls of this room at the Courtauld Institute, where lectures are given during term by scholars from every part of the world. In January the Institute held five lectures on Byzantine art, accompanied by a comprehensive exhibition

THE FINE DOUBLE STAIRCASE IN HOME HOUSE: The Adam House in Portman Square, now known as the Courtauld Institute, was built in 1775 and provides, through the generosity of Mr. Samuel Courtauld, a most appropriate setting for the study of art

Special SPHERE *pictures by W. Davis*

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE INSTITUTE: If constant association with the artistic is a stimulus to study, then the Courtauld Institute must be one of the most suitable training centres of its kind, for the magnificent Adam building in which it is housed reflects, perhaps, the peak of craftsmanship achieved by the two famous brother designers

The Courtauld Institute of Art owes its existence, as its name implies, to the munificence of Mr. Samuel Courtauld. The institute was founded in this unique Adam house, where Mr. and Mrs. Courtauld used to live, and was made its headquarters in memory of the late Mrs. Courtauld. Home House, to give 20, Portman Square, its old name, has always been a particularly fine example of Robert Adam's work. Although it had been kept in an excellent state of preservation, Mr. Courtauld carefully replaced from Adam's designs those few features which had disappeared, and it now ranks as the finest specimen of a large private house in London designed by the famous brothers.

The Courtauld Institute of Art fills a great gap. There are many institutions in London for the teaching of drawing, painting, and sculpture, but there has never been an institution where research work and the history of art were dealt with exclusively. The institute is a branch of the University of London and, under the directorship of Mr. W. G. Constable, M.A., F.S.A., is on a par with any other of the University's places of training. The three terms coincide with those of the University of London, and each term has its course of lectures, while the library of books and reproductions of pictures provide the student with every facility for serious study.

The institute, which was only opened in October last, has already almost a full quota of students. These are divided into two classes and consist at present of forty-six full time and 200 occasional students. The main purpose of the institute is (a) to provide instruction for those who desire a knowledge of the history of art as a means of education or as a basis for appreciation; (b) to promote research in the subject and to train and assist students undertaking such work.

Of the many excellent lectures on art, most of which are illustrated with lantern slides, a certain number are open to the public, some on payment of a fee and others free of charge. In January, for instance, there were five public lectures on Byzantine Art, which accompanied the institute's first exhibition of pictures. This was the first exhibition exclusively devoted to the period ever held in London.

Twenty, Portman Square, is only the beginning of the Courtauld Institute, for new buildings will be erected in Bloomsbury, the present house being kept for the director's use and occasional lectures. New buildings are essential, for such an institution must have a large library besides lecture-rooms, and there must be ample space for the accommodation of such excellent bequests as that made by Lord Conway from his collection of 200,000 reproductions of pictures.

It is hoped eventually to establish a department for scientific investigation, but the future must be influenced by finance. Although very generous donations have been made to the institute the preliminary equipment has absorbed a large percentage of the funds, and a good deal of money will have to be spent on the new buildings. But the importance of a regular and properly equipped department for investigating the authenticity and date of works of art is obvious. Much has been done in recent years in this direction, but even more can be done in the future, especially if there is a regular department devoted to this end.

M. I. Batten

FOR THE ARTIST AND COLLECTOR

The sale-room season opened quietly, but has been gathering interest with the passing weeks, and we are promised two outstanding sales by both the leading sale-rooms as the season advances.

On April 25 Messrs. Sotheby are disposing of a fine collection of Chinese pottery and porcelain, and old English furniture, belonging to Mr. Stephen D. Winkworth. Some of the china is known to us from being on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and has also figured prominently in works on Oriental art. The collector will find many periods of Chinese ceramic art represented, some really fine pottery and porcelain being on offer. A splendid Ming bowl, bearing the date of Hsuan Te (who reigned from 1426–35), is one of the leading pieces. The interior of the bowl has a flowering prunus tree in turquoise on a white ground. There are also magnificent specimens of the "famille verte" and "famille rose" period, particularly a large Yen Yen vase brilliantly decorated with flowering peonies.

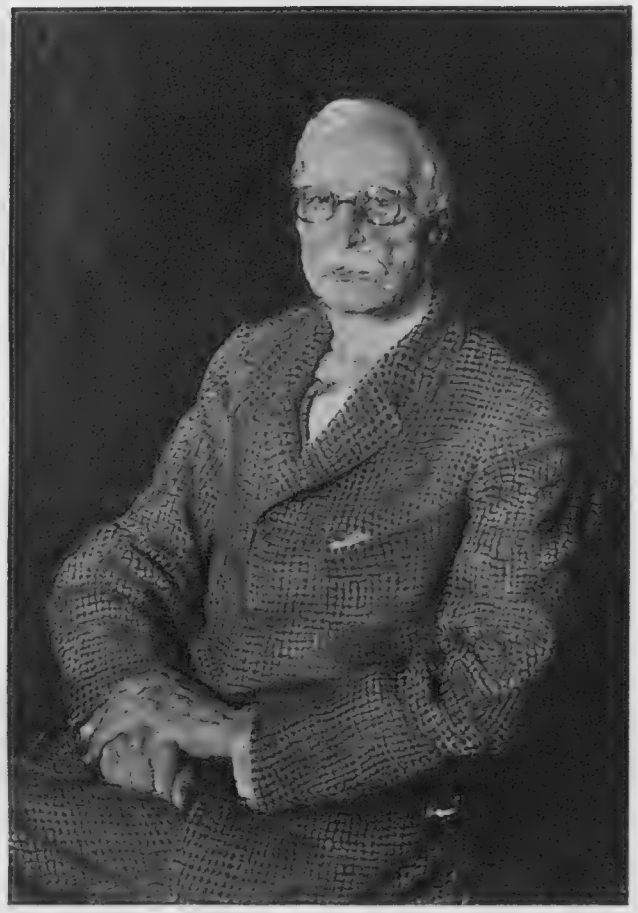
What is likely to be the most important sale of the season is catalogued for three days in May when Messrs. Christie are selling the collection of the late Mr. Leopold Hirsch which at one time adorned his house in Kensington Palace Gardens. Mr. Hirsch began collecting Chippendale furniture before its present vogue and so was able to purchase at what would, a few years ago, have been considered abnormally low figures. We are told that so slight was the interest that he acquired forty good pieces for just over £700. Even in the "slump" values of to-day a great profit should be realized, showing the advantage of collecting things before they have become fashionable. Besides the Chippendale, for which Mr. Hirsch had a personal liking, there are William III chairs and specimens of Sheraton.

If not quite up to the exceptional standard of the two forthcoming sales just announced, a sale of good quality took place at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 10, when Chinese porcelain and furniture were sold. A particularly fine Chippendale mahogany suite, about 1755, with contemporary needlework, as fresh in colouring as when it first left the cabinet maker's workshop, attracted the most attention. The suite, consisting of a settee (of the three chair-back form) and eleven chairs, was of exceptional interest, as Thomas Chippendale had given an illustration of one of the chairs in his *Gentleman's and Cabinet Maker's Director*. A copy of this illustration was shown in the catalogue alongside a photograph of one of the chairs to be sold. Great interest was shown when this remarkable set was put up—the last item in the sale—and the bidding recalled the excitement of a few years ago as it rose steadily till the figure of £960 was reached. A portable barometer, dated 1680, by Daniel Quare, in the same sale, a most decorative piece of work, realized £120.

Relics of Lord Nelson have appeared with some frequency of late. The sale last December resulted in the enrichment of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, through the generosity of Mr. Percy Malcolm Stewart, who had purchased many of the most interesting items. A further sale last month at Christie's produced the telescope and sword belonging to the young midshipman, John Pollard, of the *Victory*, who was successful in picking off the sharpshooter on the *Redoubtable* who had fired the fatal bullet which hit Nelson. The telescope was sold for £57 15s. and the sword for £42, both of which are hoped to be seen eventually in the Greenwich Museum. The silver watch, given by Lady Hamilton and Captain Hardy to the same young midshipman, was sold in the December sale for £135.

B. H.

AN EARLY SARGENT: Portrait of Miss Louise Burkhardt, by Sir John Sargent, recently bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum, New York

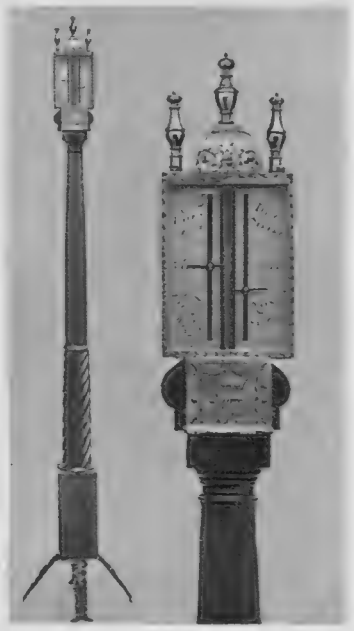


From the portrait by T. C. Dugdale

SCULPTOR OF THE QUADRIGA: Captain Adrian Jones, M.V.O., the distinguished sculptor, who has just passed his eighty-eighth birthday

DESIGNED: Taken from Thomas Chippendale's original drawing in his design book, *The Cabinet Maker's Director*

EXECUTED: The Chippendale chair, a replica of that shown on the left, part of a set which sold for £960



A PORTABLE BAROMETER: This piece by Daniel Quare (dated 1680) realized £120 at a sale at Sotheby's

THE SHRINES OF TUTANKHAMEN: Three sarcophagi from the tomb of the Egyptian monarch now set up in the Egyptian Museum, Cairo, with special lighting effects. They make a particularly impressive sight towards the end of the afternoon when, in the gloom of the gallery, the gold of the lighted interiors gives the visitor the impression of a glowing furnace

MELODRAMA AT THE LYCEUM: Mr. Charles Buchel's portrayal of a scene from *Oliver Twist*. The play is drawing large crowds to the Lyceum, where Franklyn Dyall gives a magnificent performance as the "hard favoured" Bill Sikes. The part of Fagin, interpreted with such subtlety by the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, is played by Albert Ward, while Betty Bligh has a commendable success as the unhappy Oliver

PLAYS:

By PHILIP PAGE

All God's Chillun got wings. Yes, and voices, too. And the ability to use them. Which is a lucky thing for Mr. Eugene O'Neill, who is one of God's children with a gift for pouring out great floods of words, which are by no means always winged words. In some of his plays he seems to take more words to arrive at, or to leave a simple situation than any other dramatist; and even his silence is eloquent.

In *All God's Chillun Got Wings* at the Embassy Theatre Mr. O'Neill takes a simple plot in which, strictly speaking, there is hardly any development at all. There is no contest of wills, either, unless it be that between the ambitious negro to pass a law examination and become a member of the New York bar, and the determination either of the examiners not to let him do so, or of Fate not to give him sufficient brains or sufficient opportunities for study.

His partner has no will of her own at all, only her instincts and an unbalanced mind which lead her to lunacy.

One need not have decided views one way or the other about the colour question to realize that the unhappiness endured by Mr. O'Neill's negro and his white wife must be exceptional. The majority of negroes are not so noble as this one and the majority of white women who form such marriages do not go mad if, that is to say, they were not mad even to contemplate such a union.

I would not cavil at Mr. O'Neill taking a highly exceptional case in order to prove his point, or in the exigences of play-making. It is irritating to find that he has no point to prove, and that the play does not take shape at all.

As a study in cumulative depression this piece is interesting. But cumulative depression can no more hold a play together than cumulative fear, which this same author used in *The Emperor Jones*. If instead of harping on one emotional string he used several, blending them into skilled harmony, he would be a better dramatist.

There are some vivid moments. When the couple emerge from the church to find a black crowd and a white crowd assembled, both crowds silently cursing the marriage, the force of the theme is felt. One knew so well that things would go awry—as awry as the doors and windows of the scenery, which were painted out of perspective. I do not know whether it is difficult or easy to paint scenery like this, but only that it is wholly unnecessary. Only in nightmares and in the pages of American magazines written for and by the intelligentsia have I seen anything like it.

Without Mr. Paul Robeson as the black man and Miss Flora Robson as the white woman, *All God's Chillun* would have been barely tolerable. For, that those parts could have been better acted, or acted half so well, I cannot believe.

The Robeson-Robson combination is indeed a formidable one, and it is a pity that circumstances do not permit of it being brought into play more frequently. For there are not many plays like *All God's Chillun Got Wings* (though that in itself is no cause for grief). And one cannot keep on reviving *Othello*, besides, Miss Robson would not be a suitable choice for Desdemona.

Mr. Robeson, singing off-stage in that superbly rich voice of his, and saying his lines almost as musically, proved again what a fine actor he is. Miss Robson, having just come up from Somerset Maugham madness, showed that she can go mad just as effectively in Eugene O'Neill.

Poor lady, she has had a dreary time of it on the stage lately—the murdered prostitute in *The Anatomist*, the girl who goes mad in *For Services Rendered* because she has not got her white sweetheart, the girl who goes madder still in *All God's Chillun* because she *has* got her black husband, and a nondescript figure of depression in *Head-on Crash!* She must try a period as Mr. George Robey's leading lady. Or adopt the advice of David Copperfield's landlady and take up skittles, "vich is healthy and diwerts the mind."

After the Reinhardtian revels of *The Miracle* and the inevitable, but welcome, pantomime, the Lyceum has returned to blood without the thunder.

I had hoped that the brothers Melville would follow Mr. Cochran's example, and for the production of *Oliver Twist* turn the auditorium of their theatre into one vast thieves' kitchen. Even a replica of a condemned cell would have been effective and would have worked out cheaper than a cathedral.

But it was not to be. He had only the stage upon which to concentrate in this revival, and the stage was enough, for it held a worthy old drama, quite reasonably Dickensian.

For one thing I am profoundly grateful. This is a huge theatre, yet every word was audible, not only from the stalls but also from the gallery. I spent half-an-hour in that gallery to see the reaction to Dickens of a portion of the public who could see Dolores Del Rio in luxurious comfort for the same price. The enthusiasm was gratifying, and that the villain was not hissed was the sole disappointment.

No novel of Dickens has made a good play with the exception of *A Tale of Two Cities*. This version of *Oliver Twist* is as effective a one as I have yet seen, with all the "plums" saved up to the end. In a drama necessarily episodic some chronological re-arrangement can be forgiven, provided that the

INDIAN DANCERS AT THE ARTS THEATRE: Mlle Sinkel, a member of Mr. Uday Shan-Kar's company of Hindu dancers and musicians, who will appear at the Arts Theatre during the week commencing April 3. Although the company has scored a considerable success on the Continent and in America, this will be their first visit to London. Mr. Uday Shan-Kar, the leader, is a native of Udaipur

A NEW PLAY AT WYNDHAM'S: Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who plays the leading part in *This Inconstancy*

"All God's Chillun Got Wings" —Eugene O'Neill Takes an Exceptional Case to Prove his Point — The Fashionable Robeson-Robson Combination —"Cecilia" at the Arts Theatre

A SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION AT THE WESTMINSTER: Wedding celebrations in the marquee, an entertaining scene from *The Lake*, which has recently been transferred from the Arts Theatre. The play is remarkable for the outstanding acting of Marie Ney, and the author's, Miss Dorothy Massingham's, brilliant delineation of the feminine rôles. Dame May Whitty gives an excellent performance as a ruthless and domineering mother

Dickensian flavour is preserved by making the curtain fall on virtue triumphant and vice defeated. So in the last two scenes we see Fagin in Newgate and Monks confessing, with "Oliver Twist loses his bad friends and is united to his good friends" as the programme's final legend.

Oliver does not lose his bad friends until about 11 p.m., and that is fortunate, for they are a far more interesting crew than the good friends. Oliver's world peopled exclusively by Maylies and Brownlows would be a dreadful place to watch. Miss Josephine Merrall and Mr. Ashton Pearse deserve sympathy for having to tackle such dull creatures as Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow, and congratulations in doing so with such success.

Oliver, too, is a colourless little wretch, as colourless as her fellow heroes, Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield, Martin Chuzzlewit *et hoc genus omne*. I say "her" advisedly, since the part was played by a girl, Miss Betty Bligh, who is a nice little actress and cannot help being a very girlish girl. Except that male impersonation gave an added, and not in the least characteristic, touch of viciousness to the evil-doings of Fagin and his circle, I can see no reason for not having selected a boy for the part. London's schools of acting, dancing, etc., teem with little adenoidsome cockneys who could play Oliver on their heads and then ask for more.

But the great assets of this production are its string of villains. Mr. Franklyn Dyall was terrifying as Bill Sikes and on somewhat different lines. Since this is an East End villain, a touch of Pennyfields and Limehouse is reasonably evident, though novel. If Mr. Dyall was Ah Wong Sikes rather than Bill Sikes, I am not complaining. Mr. Albert Ward knows all there is to know about melodrama and he is just the Fagin for the Lyceum. Messrs. S. Victor Stanley, Andrew Emm, Junr., and John Lloyd could not have been better as Fagin's satellites.

Miss Mary Merrall who can romp prettily in farce with Mr. Seymour Hicks, and can suggest Norway, the Soul, rain, and depression with Mr. Henrik Ibsen no less skilfully, found no difficulty in avoiding murdering Nancy and being murdered (off stage this time) instead.

A DRAMA OF PAROCHIAL INTRIGUE: Marie Ney, who takes the part of Stella in *The Lake*, Dorothy Massingham's new play at the Westminster Theatre. Driven by a ruthless and dominating mother to marry a wealthy husband, the girl passes through a period of mental torture which only ends when she finds in her aunt an understanding and friendly confidante

Cecilia at the Arts Theatre, by Allan Monkhouse, did not turn out to be among that veteran playwright's happiest efforts. One could have overlooked the inevitability of all that happened if it had been the inspired inevitability of Greek tragedy. But this was an ordinary yarn which was merely obvious for an act or so and then became so tedious that it was difficult to care what happened to anybody.

Cecilia herself is an actress and a bad actress. Mr. Monkhouse shows his one touch of knowledge of the stage-world in making this woman act hard in private life. Bad actresses nearly always act off the stage, partly, I suppose, because they can find so few opportunities to act on it, poor souls.

Her young husband, still an undergraduate, brings her to the home of his respectable, middle-class and fairly wealthy parents. In less than five minutes she acts at them, flaunting up and down the drawing-room, and flopping about on sofas, and saying unreal and insulting things in a high-pitched unreal voice. Miss Fabia Drake had to make Cecilia offensive, but to act bad-acting for a whole play is like listening to a piano recital with the soloist playing wrong notes throughout on purpose. It may be difficult, one wishes it were impossible. Besides, Miss Drake was putting herself in rather an invidious position, and I doubt whether all that over-emphasis was intentional.

Mr. Monkhouse's dialogue in this play has been, I think, written with infinite care. Some of it is terribly clever. But all vitality has been polished away. Mr. Maurice Evans and Mr. Marcus Barron, excellent actors both, worked conscientiously.

The Adelphi, now a picture palace, goes the whole hog of Hollywood with *The Kid from Spain*.

This film is like all the posters and the magazine illustrations of the film trade rolled into one. It is immensely vulgar, immensely "sexy"—never have I seen scantiness of costume on such shapely chorus blondes—and immensely efficient. And I do not doubt that it will be immensely successful. Mr. Eddie Cantor is funny. But not immensely so.

The death of Miss Anny Ahlers was the most tragic piece of theatrical news Londoners had heard for many a day. Here was a young actress in the flood-tide of her popularity, yet suicide while of unsound mind was the majority verdict of the jury which investigated her case. To her hundreds of friends the verdict was as startling as it was unbelievable; no one who knew Anny Ahlers, her unselfishness, and her delight in her work, can believe, even now, that this vivacious young woman could have taken her own life. "She was not the sort" is the comment one hears on every side.

MISS GLADYS COOPER AND MISS DOROTHY HYSON in *Flies in the Sun* at the Playhouse where a new play is in active rehearsal

HOUNDS, HORSES, AND HUNTING

READY FOR THE CHASE AT A QUORN MEET

Lady Anne Bridgeman seen at a Quorn Meet at Lodge on the Wolds, where this Leicestershire Pack has been enjoying a successful season

OFF TO DRAW

The Minehead Harriers meet at Blue Anchor, a popular hunting centre in the West of England

THE TOWEL-HORSE!

No wonder this hardy Ramsgate bather prefers to ride to the sea for her daily dip when her mount proves itself so useful a lady's maid

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

"THE INEFFECTUAL ANGEL": The poet Shelley, three well-known biographies of whom have now been brought together in two volumes with an introduction by Humbert Wolfe. The volumes, which are illustrated in line and gravure, are published by Dent

A POET OF THE PEOPLE: Mr. W. H. Davies, whose delightful poems of the countryside are known to a wide circle of readers, has written a new book entitled *My Birds*, a description, culled from long observation, of the birds in his own garden. Published by Jonathan Cape

Sir Philip Gibbs Challenges Our Intelligence in a Brilliant Survey of World Conditions: Professor Siegfried Describes South America as a Continent of Hopeless Spendthrifts: A Little Book by a Great Monmouthshire Poet

When I had finished reading *Ways of Escape* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), I realized that its author, Sir Philip Gibbs, is a fortunate as well as an able publicist. By what stroke of intuition did he set about writing this book, a survey of world conditions and problems that must have entailed long research and tireless industry, and bring it to a conclusion just in time for its publication on the very eve of our anxiety arising from the revolution in Germany? Here are tabulated the very questions we are asking at this hour. Here are a brief, yet satisfying review of the efforts of ten years of statesmanship to set the world in order, a presentation of the failure of those attempts, an analysis of the prejudices and injustices that prevent the nations acting in accord, and, finally, as the result of this review of present world conditions, a courageous and bold opinion upon the steps which the author considers essential if Europe in the next few years is not to go up in flames, and civilization sink in ashes.

This is a book that cannot be read without engendering argument, assent and dissent. It is not a mild statement of fact, a cautious canvassing of schools of opinion. All points of view are frankly stated. At one moment, Sir Philip seems an ardent pacificist, at another, the sentimentalist may find in him an ally, at another he is the grim-faced realist of die-hard persuasion. The sense of injustice that lies at the base of Communism, the desire of security that lies behind Imperialism and Militarism, each in turn has its case fairly stated. The bewilderment that seizes all reasonable men to-day is encompassed in the pages of this book. There are moments when we are enthusiasts for the League of Nations, moments when we see nothing but its futility. There are times when international goodwill suggests the only solution of our ills, moments when the doctrine of the Pax-Britannica seems the only workable one, and our own strength the only certain strength.

Such is the breadth and depth of this survey which the author has given us. But there is one chapter which I would like to see reprinted by the million and broadcast throughout the land. It will incite denial or passionate approval but it will at least bring boldly to the surface the things so many of us are thinking and yet lack the courage to proclaim. There is that Treaty of Locarno, a dire legacy to youth. "It was a very generous, a very rash, a very dangerous guarantee from England which, in the event of a new war would have no chance of neutrality, but would have once more to send her young legions to the old battlefields where their fathers had left a million dead. It went too far for the British Dominions who refused to take this pledge. I believe now that it went too far for the allegiance of boys who are still at school, but who in ten years may be called upon to ratify that agreement with their blood."

There is little doubt that to-day the young men of England wholeheartedly repudiate Sir Austen Chamberlain and his Locarno Treaty. The people of this country do not believe in the Polish Corridor, and they would not spill their blood to preserve it should Germany attack it. On the other hand pacifism has its dangers. Sir Philip quotes Lord Lloyd. "Our army and navy alone in the last few years have done immeasurably more for peace than all the hours of conference at Geneva. Not one year has passed, hardly a month, when the British soldier or sailor has not been called upon in some part of the world actively to enforce peace."

Towards the end of this remarkable chapter the author faces the problem boldly. He would remove the Polish Corridor. He would restore to the Germans Upper Silesia. "The Polish Corridor is the root of the next war," said Marshal Foch. "Let us dig it up by the roots," says Sir Philip. "The Poles won't like it. But they will like it less one day if they are pinned between Germany and Russia and smashed between two fires. There is no justice in that Polish Corridor. The award on Upper Silesia was false. The Germans built up its industries with their wealth and organization." He would give them back their colonies. "All this will seem to the traditional type of English mind a policy of weakness, surrender, and blue funk. But it seems to me elementary wisdom. There is no cowardice in it but courage, the courage of facing facts which it is only folly to dodge. The alternative to a policy of goodwill and friendship is certain conflict and ordeal by battle. The uncertainty of one alternative is better than the certainty of another Armageddon."

I have quoted enough to show that this is a courageous book. It not only faces the problem but it suggests remedies. Sir Philip puts forward an emigration scheme for dealing with our unemployed. None of our politicians, invited to consider this scheme, has had the courtesy or the courage to consider it, although it has been endorsed by the Governors of New Zealand, Australia, and Canada, who are eager for the experiment to be made. But since it will not catch votes it does not catch the fancy of our home politicians.

The unique value of this book among hundreds that examine our ills is that it offers a constructive policy. It diagnoses the disease of humanity and suggests a cure. Whether we agree with Sir Philip Gibbs or not *Ways of Escape* is a challenge to our intelligence, and at this critical moment it gives perfect expression to the fears that have invaded our security.

I have heard it said in a responsible quarter that Professor André Siegfried, the French writer on economics, who established his reputation with *America Comes of Age*, was the man largely responsible for the financial crisis which swept England off the Gold Standard. It was his analysis of the position of England, published in his book, *England's Crisis*, which suggested our insolvency, and resulted in a loss of confidence among Continental investors. His well-meaning though caustic comment on our spendthrift habits placed us in temporary jeopardy. He has now turned his attention to South America. This volume *Impressions of South America* (Cape. 5s.) is a slight study of conditions in Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil. His verdict is that they are all hopeless spendthrifts who mortgage themselves, relying confidently on the inexhaustible wealth of their natural resources. "The trouble with the South Americans is that they see everything too big. These people, so charming and optimistic, launch out as soon as they have money without ever considering whether they will be able to carry on afterwards or not." Although their Governments are nominally democratic, in reality they support dictators, with all the evils of rapacious followers, who overthrow their patron as soon as he ceases to be the milch cow.

Professor Siegfried draws a picture of extravagant instability, of an old Spanish aristocracy that is being pushed out of power by a middle class in which one often comes across a half-breed upstart. One of the richest continents in the world, it gambles with economic facts. As soon as the South American makes money he travels. He goes to Paris with a large family, or tours the world. He drains his country of its wealth, so that in a crisis it has no reserves. Most of the heavy financing of railways and industrial enterprises, he declares, is done by foreigners who demand profits proportionate to their risks. This study of Professor Siegfried's, though slight, and based on letters he wrote home, gives a vivid and candid survey of a continent of fabulous wealth, Spanish traditions, and a people unstable in politics. The Professor sees North America dominating the industrial field in the future. "England may still be the chief shareholder in South America, but from now on she will be on the defensive." The Professor never loses his conviction that we are a waning power wherever he examines our influence.

We are still on the American continent in Mr. Erskine Caldwell's novel, *God's Little Acre* (Secker. 7s. 6d.). This is a somewhat violent, Hemingwayesque story with a Rabelaisian patriarch, a wanton daughter, and a strange albino. The whole story is grotesque, full of violence, with a quiet comic interlude. I never saw enough of Georgian farmers to know whether they talked as they talk in this book. But there is a firm tradition in American fiction that Georgians are uncouth and Mr. Caldwell maintains it. This story is grim and has an unpleasant power such as repulsive people often exert.

I very often motor past a row of drab cottages on my way into Marlow. They stand in the street that leads to the Marlow–Henley road, and lately these cottages have been "converted" and painted up. The whole row has now been labelled "Shelley Cottages" and it is a little difficult to know which is the actual cottage to which Shelley fled with his girl-wife. Nevertheless, I always experience a thrill when I drive past the dwelling-place of "the ineffectual angel." Few men have suffered more at the hands of biographers. There is Jefferson Hogg's malicious portrait, and at the other end the sentimental melodrama concocted by M. Maurois, who made Shelley into a book-of-the-month. It was a happy idea of Messrs. Dent to bring together in two sumptuous volumes Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, Peacock's *Memoirs of Shelley*, and Trelawny's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*.

These two volumes are illustrated with numerous photogravures and line drawings, and they are edited with an admirable preface by Humbert Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe disposes of Hogg in a piece of deadly criticism in which the man stands convicted by his own mouth, and Shelley is cleared of the preposterous charge of sensuality and insanity. Says Mr. Wolfe at the close of his excellent introduction—"Whatever brainstorms might from time to time have disturbed him, Shelley did and could reason more closely than almost any poet of them all. He held resolutely to the path of his ideal, and in all the relations of life, if he was sometimes surprising as a man, it was because his Maker had painted him, in Browning's phrase, with only so much body as showed soul." These two volumes of *The Life of Shelley* are published by Dent at the astonishing price of 15s.

Too rarely do we hear from W. H. Davies these days. Since his song seems to be dying within him he is taking solace from those hardy annual songsters—the birds in his garden. He has written a delightful small book, *My Birds* (Cape. 3s. 6d.), in which the results of much loving observation have been gathered. He has many theories that will surprise ornithologists. He is convinced that birds of a different feather assist one another when in trouble. When a young bird goes astray he believes there is an organized search for it—"in the same way as the whole population of a mountain town go out in search of a lost child." Mr. Davies finds *Who Killed Cock Robin?* full of errors—"it was a Saturday night's effusion when the master was the worse for drink." How could the Owl dig Robin's grave? The professional digger of Nature, Mr. Davies points out, is the Mole. This little book has all the Davies whimsicality and sly humour.

Mr. William Seabrook, who gave us such an excellent adventure narrative in *Jungle Ways*, has now written *Air Adventure* (Harrap. 8s. 6d.). Mr. Seabrook went to Timbuktu and back by air, in fulfilment of a commission to obtain the memoirs of that astonishing character, Père Yakouba, the French ex-monk who went native, married a black woman and is now the great authority on native problems. This book is a kind of aside to the chief purpose of his trip. The story of this flight into the Sahara is vividly told.

BOOKS TO READ

INDIA MARCHES PAST, by R. J. Minney (Jarrolds. 16s.).

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES, by Frederick Watson (Harrap. 12s. 6d.).

DE VALERA, by Denis Gwynn (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.).

SHOOTING THE BULL, by David Ellbey (Grayson. 10s. 6d.).

GOLFING MEMORIES AND METHODS (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.).

RAGGLE TAGGLE, by Starkie (John Murray. 10s. 6d.).

THE HOG'S BACK MYSTERY, by Freeman Wills Crofts (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

THE GIRL THROUGH THE AGES, by D. M. Stuart (Harrap. 7s. 6d.).

THE GREAT WALL OF INDIA, by Ian Hay (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.).

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

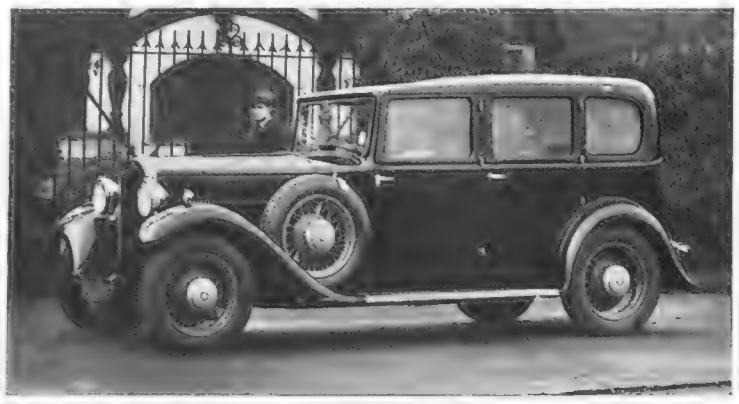
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands : Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE 16/60 HUMBER SALOON.—Recently I had an opportunity of trying one of the latest 16/60 Humbers on the road. The chassis was fitted with a very roomy saloon body, in fact the dimensions were so generous that it took quite a long time for me to appreciate that the results I obtained were provided by a 16-h.p. engine. The makers have been really clever in designing a power unit of this moderate size which will give a really creditable performance when fitted to such a sturdy chassis with a full-size body.

It might be thought that power was only attained by frequent gear changing, but I was able to satisfy myself that this Humber saloon was a top-gear car well above the average.

The engine is smooth and silent throughout its entire range of revolutions. It does not become fussy even when high speeds are obtained. Easy starting is another of its pleasing features, and in this connection I must write a word of praise for the Lucas Startix equipment. The performance of this electrical fitting is so desirable and so efficient that I cannot see any car at Olympia next October being shown without it. All the same, credit is due to Humbers for being one of the firms to give a lead in this direction. As a matter of fact, with a smooth, silent engine like this Humber an automatic starting device is most desirable, because it is almost impossible, when standing still, to say whether the engine is running or not. With a Startix the driver has not to worry in this respect because, if it has stopped, the starter takes charge and brings it back to life again.

THE BODY.—As might be expected, the coachwork on this car was well up to the well-known Humber reputation, the amount of room provided was generous, and all the fittings were of good quality. Amongst the equipment there is Triplex glass, driving mirror, cigar lighters, ash-trays, mirror companions, foot-rests, arm-rests, double windscreen wipers, direction indicators, folding tables, and the usual rear blind. It is difficult to imagine anything more comfortable or more complete. The exterior had pleasing lines, and a very commendable effort had been made to clean up the back of the car. The larger size radiator makes the car look really imposing, and this impression is added to by the handsome headlights which are securely mounted on brackets. The car is sold at a very moderate price, in fact it would be difficult to find a roomier or more pleasant looking car with an equal performance for the same money.



THE 16/60 HUMBER SALOON which Mr. Bradley reviews in the accompanying article. Lucas Startix equipment is a standard fitting. Should the engine stop running, this device automatically restarts it

SUSPENSION, STEERING, AND BRAKES.—The car has excellent acceleration, and the gear change is easy to manipulate; the ratios of the gear-box are happily chosen, and each set of ratios performs with commendable silence. The transmission is vibrationless, and the suspension is certainly out of the ordinary. It struck me that the designer of the car must have given an appreciable amount of attention to this feature. In this connection I would mention that my impression of the good springing was gained not under the best conditions as all the time I had the car I was travelling light.

The steering does not call for any adverse criticism, and I was glad to note that the lock provided was ample for all usual conditions.

Coming now to the brakes, I found these worked well, but whether I am accustomed to a fairly long travel for the pedal I cannot say, but I did consider that the movement given might have been increased with advantage. This was particularly the case with the hand-brake. I do not, however, wish to give the impression that the brakes were not satisfactory. On the contrary, they were thoroughly efficient, and never gave me a moment's anxious thought as to whether I should be able to pull up when I wanted to. As regards the actual performance of the car, I found that speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h. were possible, and that on third the car would do a very useful 50 m.p.h. I note that the manufacturers claim a petrol consumption of 22 m.p.g., and although I did not actually check this figure, the observations I kept lead me to believe that their claim is perfectly genuine.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the 16/60-h.p. HUMBER

Engine—6-Cylinder.
Tax—£17 per annum.
Bore and Stroke—67·5 mm. and 106 mm.
Capacity—2,276 cc.
Carburettor—Stromberg.
Clutch—Dry Plate.
Brakes—Bendix Duo-Servo.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse. Twin Top.
Steering—Worm and Nut.
Fuel Tank—14 Galls. Auto Pump.
Wheels—Dunlop Wire (Magna).
Price—(Saloon) £435.

Manufacturers:
HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY

ANTIQUATED TRAFFIC SIGNALS.—More and more traffic signal lights are being erected and this is all to the good, but I came across some very antiquated signals the other day in Brighton, and as there are probably others scattered throughout the country their continued operation is likely to lead to confusion. At Brighton there is a pillar in the centre of the road with a red light on top. This I clearly saw from a distance and approached it cautiously. As the red light still shone I pulled up beside it and after waiting a minute or two an excited policeman sitting in a kind of a pill-box in the middle of the road a little farther on waved frantically to me to proceed. The next time I passed along I found that the signal to stop was a wooden semaphore arm which came out of the pillar into a horizontal position and no light was attached to it. Conceivably most motorists can observe this horizontal arm with the word "Stop" written on it and thereby act accordingly, but when the arm swings upwards and disappears inside the pillar there is nothing to indicate that the motorist may proceed, in fact the red light above tells him to stop.

If traffic signal lights are to become general and are to be efficient the Ministry of Transport must make them uniform and take measures that red lights are not used by other people except when traffic is to be brought to a standstill. Motorists cannot be expected, particularly when it is misty or raining, to distinguish between a red light to stop, and a red light which may only mean proceed with caution.

A NEW TRIUMPH: The "Ten" which in saloon form sells for £225. The specification includes a long wheel-base chassis, centralized jacking system, and it has a speed of approximately 75 m.p.h.

FRENCH SAFETY RULES.—Britain's lead in making safety glass compulsory for motor cars in certain cases has been followed by France. In this country the law at present applies only to windscreens and lower front windows facing forward, but France has gone a step further by decreeing that after January 1, 1935, no public vehicles will be allowed to circulate if they are equipped with any glass which will shatter. In Britain, the majority of private motor cars are fitted with Triplex, but there are still a great many public service vehicles with ordinary glass at the side. Other safety rules just passed by the Paris Prefecture of Police are that all commercial vehicles must be equipped with a first-aid kit and that cars found to have defective accessories will be forbidden to be used.

GOERING: BERLIN'S MAN OF THE HOUR

(*Continued from p. 402*)

Hitler's Minister of Prussian Police just cannot conceive of a national-thinking German Jew.

"But we have Jews of finest character in England, as national and patriotic as any Englishman, and some have risen to the highest offices in the State," I interposed.

"The Jew is international and not national," Goering dismissed the idea with finality, motioning away with his hand. To him the "Past," as he explained, means three "Internationales." The Black Internationale, Catholicism; the Red Internationale, Bolshevism; and the Yellow Internationale, Jewish capitalism. It was useless to try to show him that injustice is being done to many Jews in Germany.

"I am not objective, you think. I thank my Creator that I am not," declared the former War Ace, whose will is now the will of more than 50,000 Prussian police. "I am subjective. The welfare of my people is all that concerns me. All else I reject."

"But why the persecution of the Social-Democrats, known to be anything but aggressive or militant, why throw them into the same pot with the Communists?"

"Marxists all!" fiercely replied Goering. "Difference only in degree. I will give you an example of how complete is the collapse of Socialism in Germany. Recently the former Reichstag President, Paul Loebbe, came to see me. In a shaky voice, he asked me to be lenient, and whether I would not allow some of the Socialist uewspapers to reappear. I told him, 'As soon as you put a stop to the attacks of the foreign Socialist organs on the Hitler Government you can print your newspapers again. Your party boasts of its international co-operation and solidarity. I am giving you an opportunity to demonstrate that international Socialist solidarity.'"

Goering is fierce when he talks of Communists, Jews, or Socialists. He pulled himself up, sitting squarely on his throne-like crimson chair. I turned the conversation along pleasanter lines. But first he told me that the German nation "wants nothing more to do with the Black-red-yellow (Republican) flag, or with the period of history for which it stands."

The "New Germany," the Germany of Hitler's "Third Reich," will be given new national colours, he told me, and they will be dual—the old Imperial black, white, red, and the Nazi "Hakenkreuz" or Swastika flag. Asked if there would be the necessary two-thirds majority in the Reichstag without the vote of the Catholic Centrist party, Goering, now speaking as President of the Reichstag, replied, "Leave that to me."

From politics, Communists, Jews, Socialists, "enemies of the Fatherland," I diverted him finally to the air.

What did he think of Russia's Red Air Force? *"Russia's Air Force is tremendous. Their Air Fleet is excellent in its organization and material. From what I know of it on the basis of reliable information, I believe the Russian Air Force is far more powerful, and better than even experts outside Russia surmise. Russia has spent the most of all its money for armaments on its Air Force. It is building fast. In the event of war, I am convinced that Russia will surprise in the air."*

The cars to convey and convoy him to the Ministry were at the door. The cloak of the Minister, of the Police-Master, even of the ruthless Nazi Nemesis of Communists and Jews, and of memories of the "dog-fights" on the Western Front, he suddenly discarded. For a moment I had a glimpse of Goering the Man, and a sad man.

He showed me over his beautiful apartment, each room of which is an achievement of individualistic artistry. To the memory of Frau Goering, who died about eighteen months ago, the Captain had turned one of the rooms into a shrine. The chief angelic figure in the stained glass window bears the face of his dead wife. Her portrait is garlanded with flowers. The carpet, woven with the Swastika design, was the last piece of handiwork she did. From the still, tranquil little sanctuary to the gay "Blue Parlour," a veritable picture gallery for a number of the flower paintings by his talented wife. Then Goering's smaller study, with its lovely Chinese gilded carvings, rugs, and embroideries.

While Hitler's romanticism is expressed in Wagnerian operas, Goering has much more individual artistry and by far the more complex nature of the two men. Goering has a passion for the beautiful, and in spite of his often blustering manners, he reveals himself and expands in the exquisitely harmonious surroundings of his own creating, which have also a touch of the mystical.

Round the apartment and back to the hall again. A Storm Trooper on duty there clicked his heels. Goering the ruthless Police-Master abruptly replaced Goering the Man. A pilot car, Goering in a limousine, a third open car filled with armed Storm Troopers dashed away.

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Have you noticed how often the telephone wants you—or you want the telephone—while you are still in the most négligé of attires? Then why not enjoy the luxury of an extension line to your bedroom, when it need cost you but a halfpenny a day?

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(a) I should like, without any obligation, to go further into the question of an extension line to my telephone. Please arrange for a representative to call on me.

(b) Please send me full particulars of telephone service—its advantages and its costs.

Strike out whichever lines are not applicable

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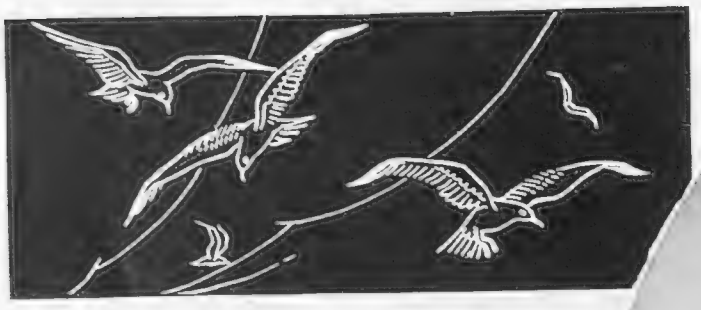


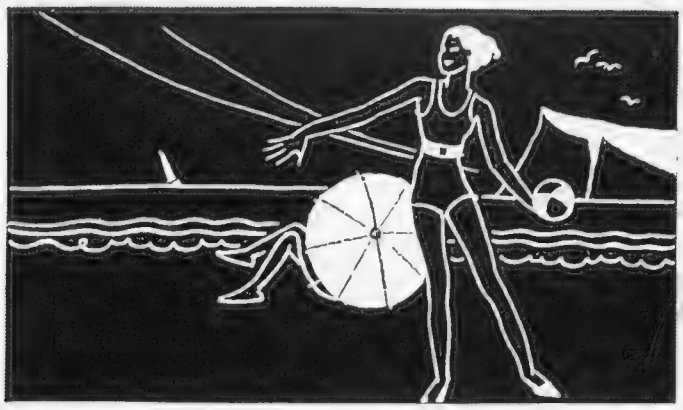
AFLOAT

NEW and PRACTICAL IDEAS for the CRUISING SEASON

For shore excursions, especially when motoring is the order of the day, nothing could be more practical than this Jaeger outfit in oatmeal-coloured tweed, worn with high-necked shirts in navy blue, in red, or in nigger brown

Warm, light, and so good-tempered that nothing seems to hurt them, Motoluxe coats are ideal travelling companions. Shown above is an all-enveloping brown model with a leather belt, while the seated lady wears a short beige jacket and is keeping herself warm beneath a shaded Motoluxe rug made of pure llama wool. They are not affected by rain

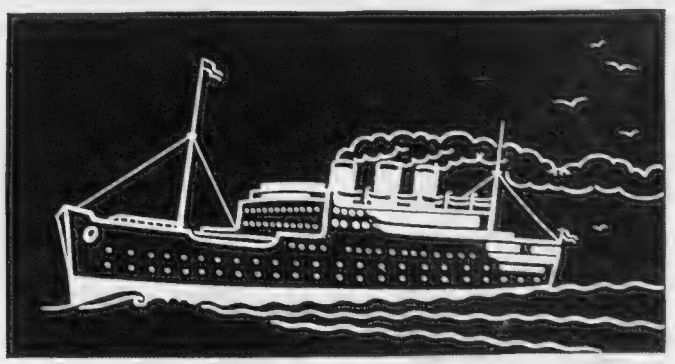
AND ASHORE



Below — A great part of the day is always spent in and around the swimming-pool. Here is a pair of very well-cut beach trousers from Swan and Edgar. They are of wool stockinette, and have a stitched crease and a wide patent leather belt. The price is 11s. 9d., and the striped sun bodice costs 5s. 11d. This is a separate garment

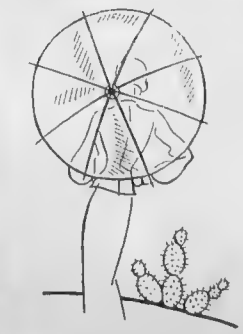
Camera studies by Peter North

Large checks are good for holiday wear, especially when they are in clear colours. This suit of white basket weave tweed, which costs 6 guineas at Woolland Bros., has a coral and white checked coat and a matching scarf. The hat is of paper panama, trimmed with four-toned petersham ribbons



FOR GALA NIGHTS

Two Capes of Unusual Charm



Russian ermine is very versatile in the hands of an expert. Here it is used for a piquant little cape, high necked and shallow in front, but sloping downwards at the back in harmony with the prevailing dress line. Fringed with ermine tails, it has decorative fur buttons which only pretend to be useful. One of the very charming new models at Percy Vickery's, it costs 25 guineas, and is typical of the interesting novelties that may be found at all times in these salons

White fox—the loveliest setting that any woman can ever choose—is called in to still further beautify this Russian ermine wrap from Revillon Frères. It is a perfect example of the furrier's art, for though the skins are worked horizontally, it appears to be seamless. It is also obtainable in cocoa ermine with a fur collar to tone, or, for 15 guineas, it is made in mole and imitation silver fox. In this guise it would be equally suitable for formal afternoon wear

Cabaret Scene on a Cruising Liner

Marshall & Snelgrove's FASHION OPENING

Following the re-decoration and re-furnishing of the Salons . . By Story's of

VIOLA.—The newest vogue—a light coat with a dark dress! Becoming Two-piece, consisting of dress in Crepe Craikle, with new three-quarter length coat in Meyer fabric. In many colours - - - 12½ Gns.

SUZETTE.—Two-piece of Angora and novelty silk and wool material. The dress top is of contrasting material. In many colours. Two stock sizes - - - 6½ Gns.

Sent on Approval.

Suit Salon—Ground Floor.

Viola *Suzette*

NEW wine is a bad but new old firm ideals wi traditions of past ge

Of all those shops selves to adorn and bea sex, there are none than Marshall & Snel organisation strives its individuality an than this House.

"The shop," said a typically English . . and comfortable, like country house."

FOR the past weeks been in the hands but now their w the new carpets are lai Snelgrove's is looking than ever.

A great Inaugural will signalize t the re-decoratio strate the wonderful House.

THE New Collect Evening Gowns, sembles, Coats, L Styles, Small Size M Millinery a host of Easter Va

AN insp inspi come quiet dign ment come tradition o for nearly

Marshall &
Mayfair 6600.
Vere Street and
LONDON